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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—

Notice 507

The Literary World: Its Sayings and Doings 507

ENGLISH LITERATURE:—

Philosophy:— Radcliffe's Friends, Ghosts, and Sprites 508

Emmerson's History of Magic 508

Biography:— Professor Wilson: a Memorial and Estimate 509

Notices of Small Books 512

Religion:— New Publications 512

Voyages and Travels:— The Indian Army Surgeon 512

Fiction:— Dickens's Hard Times 513

Harriet's Falconer Hall 513

Horace's The Brief Career 513

Miss Lamont's Village Millionaire 513

Notices of Small Books 514

Poetry and the Drama:— Fingal 514

Shakespeare's Versification. By W. S. Walker 515

Notices of Small Books 515

History:— Liudard's History of England 515

Microcosm:— Notices of Small Books 515

Periodicals and Serials 516

FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c:— The Critic Abroad 516

America:— Mrs. Stephens's Fashion and Famine 517

Germany:— Baskerville's Poerty of Germany 518

Q. Horatii Flaccii Opera omnia 519

Italy:— From our Italian Correspondent 519

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c:—

Science and Inventions:— Summary 520

Popular Medicine:— The News and Gossip of the Medical World 520

Art and Artists:— Crystal Palace—Renaissance Court 521

Tales of the Studios 522

Music and Musicians:— New Music 522

Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat 522

Gossip of the Literary Circles 523

Drama and Public Amusements 523

Correspondence 524

Obituary 524

List of New Books 524

Advertisements 505, 506, 508, 520, 521, 527, 528

NOTICE.

THE SECOND VOLUME of BEAUTIFUL POETRY is now ready, containing the choicest passages in the English language. It may be had in plain cloth, price 5s. 6d.; in handsome binding of green and gold, or purple and gold, gilt edges, at 7s. 6d. The Second Edition of the First Volume is in the press.

A New Issue of the SECOND EDITION of BEAUTIFUL POETRY, in Numbers at 3d., and Parts at 1s. Nos. I. to IV. and Part I. are now ready.

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A New Issue of WIT AND HUMOUR, in Weekly Numbers at 3d., and Monthly Parts at 1s., will commence on Oct. 1.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

NOTICE.

The next number of the CRITIC (for October 1) will contain the Second Quarterly Educational Supplement, entirely devoted, according to the plan already adopted, to Educational Literature and Progress. It will contain papers on the Practice of Education; full and impartial notices of all new educational works, instruments, and mechanical aids to teaching; correspondence of persons engaged in Education; and other matters useful and interesting to Teachers and Parents.

This Educational Supplement will be given with the CRITIC of that day without any additional charge.

The CRITIC and Supplement for October 1 will be sent on the day of publication to any person inclosing seven postage-stamps to the office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Books and other aids to Education for which reviews are desired in this Supplement must be forwarded immediately.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A FORTNIGHT deeper in the dark days, and a fortnight nearer to Christmas, is for London and literature a fortnight nearer to daylight. By the middle of September the great city is beginning to emerge from the lowest depth of the gloom of the recess, and the dreariest part of the valley of the shadow of dulness may be said to have been well nigh passed. A large portion of that great body of the community whom the close of the session and the end of the season emancipated from the pleasures and duties of town in the early part of August, are by this time turning their steps back again to Babel. The more aristocratic of the "working classes" of the world of London upon whom the black cares of the practical duties of life sit ever, until from habit they have become pleasures and even necessities to them, will, by this time, have begun to doubt whether matters can satisfactorily be left any longer to the junior partner in Lombard-street, or the under-secretary at Whitehall, and be coming back to the wheel to see for themselves. Humbler men of business—centres of little worlds of their own notwithstanding—who are their own junior partners and under-secretaries, will likewise have been conscious of misgivings that they ought to be at home and at work again, and will be soon sprinkling the streets like the first intermittent drops of a shower of rain. Detachments of that large class of town men who never breathe freely elsewhere, and who prefer eating their partridge with those special accompaniments fit induces them to believe the cook of their own club alone can produce, to enjoying it with that more piquant sauce which exercise and shooting it for themselves will afford even to provincial *cuisinierie*, are returning to their fatherland, to rejoice once more in the sybaritic splendours of the "Rag" or enliven, so far as their presence can do so, the proverbial dulness of Boole's. Among these various classes of homesick holiday-makers we shall not fail to discover—if we look for them in the vicinity of the "Atheneum" or the purloins of the "Row"—publishers, racking their brains or their memories for new ideas or old copyrights to supply novelties or *rifacimenti* for the approaching Christmas, and authors, who have debts preying upon their consciences of three-volume novels or popular biographies not yet begun, but under agreement to be ready for publication by the beginning of the new year.

For the past fortnight books of one or other of the classes I mentioned in my last paper—make-weight in the publisher's scales—have continued to occupy the literary stage, like a set scene in a pantomime, behind which the property-man and the carpenter are preparing the great effects of the demolition. The announcements of works of a more racy or valuable character, in anticipation of Christmas,

"to be published immediately" or "just ready" (synonyms, in the *argot* of the "Row," for any period in advance from the following day to that time three weeks) are, however, beginning to increase. Lady BLESSINGTON'S Literary Life and Correspondence, edited by Dr. MADDEN, author of "Travels in the East,"—strange association this, the *Hakim* of the East with the *Aspasia* of the West—is about to be published by Mr. NEWBY. Messrs. LONGMANS announce, among other works more or less generally interesting, an edition in a condensed form of the Census Return of 1851, containing, for the information of the amateur statistician, the particulars of the numbers and distribution of his fellow-country men, and women too, their ages, conjugal condition, occupations, and birthplace, "all mankind's epitome" in fact, so far as Great Britain is concerned—at the modest price of five shillings. JEFFREY, in one of his early letters published by Lord COCKBURN, observes, I remember, that an attempt to condense a vast mass of dull matter into a moderate compass involves, as an inevitable result, an increase of the dulness in proportion to the density, till the book becomes ten times more tedious by its compression than it was before. An abbreviated edition of a series of population returns can certainly hardly be considered.

An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man, though it may afford some practically useful insight into phases of his existence, so that, if JEFFREY be right, we shall, I fear, be compelled to place this work in the category of those which CHARLES LAMB said he always scrupulously avoided as "books which are no books, such as Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-books, Draught boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large, and generally all those volumes which no gentleman's library should be without." In addition to the contribution of good hard durable reading for the winter months afforded by the Census Return, the same publishers promise us some literature of a less ponderous character, in the shape of a new work, by the author of that political biography of Mr. DISRAEEL which, if it did no more than give the keynote to Dr. PHILLIPS's caustic review of the career of that gentleman, has done its mission in the world of letters; and a life of JAMES MONTGOMERY, by the Reverend Mr. EVERETT, and Mr. JOHN HAL-LAM, whose name will be remembered by the readers of the *Sheffield Iris* as a contributor, many years ago, to the columns of that journal—a guarantee, it may be inferred, that his share of the work will be performed *con amore*.

Among the new editions of good works already published, forthcoming, or promised, I observe a third of Mr. CURZON'S agreeable book on America; two more of Mr. BENTLEY'S cheap reprints of *Prescott*, and one of Dr. WHEWELL'S "Essay on the Plurality of Worlds;" noticeable, apart from the interest of the discussion and the value of the names with which it is associated, as being a peculiarly fine specimen of a new description of typography. By the way, may I draw the attention of Science to the fact that Poetry has been long beforehand with it in this matter, and that the hypothesis of the existence of worlds in the heavenly bodies had crossed the brain of a bard without aid of telescope, when astronomy was running in leading strings. SPENSER, in his graceful mock plea for the existence of Fairy Land in the second book of the "Faery Queen," suggests one or two ideas which had perhaps escaped the science of the Elizabethan era, and are curious in our own—and this among the number. After speaking of countries on the earth then recently discovered, he continues—

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wiest ages hidden been;
And later times things more unknowne shall show.
Why then shold witesse man so much miswe ney,
That nothing is but that which he hath sene?
What if within the moone's fayre shining spehere,
What if in every other starre unseene,
Of other wordes he happily should heare?

He wondur wold much more; yet such to some appear.

It has often occurred to me that it may just be a matter of question whether it is to science at all that Nature has conceded the guardianship of her mysteries, and whether a very much humbler order of philosophers may not in all ages have been rather more in her confidence. I think it might be proved that the germ of the world's greatest truths have been ever bestowed, in the first instance—precious, but, alas! Cassandra-like endowments—upon the fruitful hearts of its poets.

In addition to the immediate novelties in literature of which I have been speaking, I may venture to note as probabilities early in the ensuing year, the concluding volumes of the "Stowe Papers"—the MSS. of which, from the collections of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, I mentioned some time since as having been purchased by Messrs. HURST and BLACKFORD, and the arrangement of which is now in active progress—and some other "Stowe Papers," in the shape of a new novel by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," an edition of which, simultaneous with that of America, may be expected from Mr. Low of LADGE-STREET about the same time. A new poem from the pen of Mr. SYDNEY YENDYS, as he is pleased to term himself, may afford his admirers and parodists an opportunity of joining battle in a new field; and an autobiography of Mr. CYRUS REDDING, comprising

anecdotes of a career in literature commencing with the days of PETER PINDAR, and associated with the best years of CAMPBELL, will give us, I doubt not, some pleasant glimpses of an old one. Among books having more particular reference to the requirements of the Christmas season, I may mention as in preparation the collection into a volume of some of the woodcuts which have appeared from time to time in the pages of *Punch*—*Punch en richeau* is surely an undignified escapade for that philosopher—and the twenty-seventh volume of the "Keepsake," that "hardy Annual." By the way, how few of the good folks who enjoy Christmas books and Christmas burlesques, with all the pleasure arising from the associations of the period, can appreciate the price which their authors have paid for them in wearisome labour long before the season which has rendered them congenial subjects of thought. To be employed in forcing genialities for the most festive period of the year, in that is, *par excellence*, the dullest; to be devising appropriate allegorical designs for the winter season, when scarcely freed from the weight of the dog days; and hailing the advent of imaginary wassail bowls and yule logs, when the mind revolts, as it must have done not infrequently during the last fortnight, from any association more torrid than Mr. SAINSBURY's cooling beverages, or a seat in an ice-house—is only paralleled by EMILE SOUVESTRE's description of the carnival before Lent: "où l'Homme se prépare pour la privation par la satié, et achève de se damner avant de commencer à faire pénitence."

The subject of class books reminds me of a curious evidence of the advancing spirit of class combinations as well as of the readiness evinced by the public at large to secure knowledge on all points from the sources best able to supply it, which is afforded by the large increase, within the last few years, in the number and importance of class newspapers and class periodicals, and the readiness with which they are purchased, not only by the bodies to whom they more particularly address themselves, but by the mass of the community at large. That the important political and religious classes of a free country, and even the great professions, should possess their recognised organs is not remarkable; but that pretty nearly every division and subdivision of the people should be sending its own representatives to the congress of letters, enjoying its own mouthpiece to express its opinions when it has anything to say, its own Exchange of ideas, and bulwark, more or less strong, of protection, is a curious and not unimportant consideration. Bankers and booksellers, ladies and labourers, auctioneers who sell, and ratepayers who disburse, enjoy each now newspapers of their own. The public-houses have theirs, which seems, by-the-way, just now to be in disgrace with its constituents, and pawnbrokers also. The printers have their paper, as they certainly ought, and likewise the policemen. The Government has a gazette of its own, and also the nursery. Builders and botanists are equally happy. Chemists may learn the periodical progress of pharmacy, and schoolmasters the advance of education, from their own journal; and every class, in short, sit comfortably under the pulpit of its own printing press. I see from a prospectus, carefully and sensibly worded, which I found on my table a day or two since, that a considerable body of persons, hitherto unrepresented in periodical print, is about also to enjoy its own organ, in the shape of a new "Magazine of statistical and actuarial information," to be called *The Statist*, and edited by Mr. R. THOMPSON JOPLING, whose name I seem to have heard before in connection with the subject. I must honestly confess, for my own part, that my faith in the value of statistical returns is not without limits; for I never remember any opinions in my life, however contradictory, for which, in a statistical point of view, there did not appear to be as much to be said on one side as the other. They are, however, in these times accepted so universally (and justly, *fruste de meilleur*) as the bases of principles of action in every walk of life, that the *Statist*, if presenting its information in a tolerably popular form, may claim such a connection with the interests of the public at large as may render it an acceptable contribution to literature.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of a publication forwarded to me from the country, entitled the *Phonetic Intelligencer*, printed in hieroglyphic, with a view to that reform of the English language which I had imagined its advocates had given up. No one is of course entitled to offer the slightest objection to any body of "Djentlemen" conveying their ideas to one another by means of such signs as to them most satisfactorily and agreeably express those ideas; and I will, therefore, confine my observations upon the *Phonetic Intelligencer* to a suggestion, offered in all good faith, that copies of that journal designed for circulation among the uninitiated should in future be imprinted like the inscription on the Rosetta stone, *in polyglott*.

A correspondent writing from Melbourne to the *Booksellers' Intelligencer* (one of the most truly literary—I mean in style as well as in subject—of all the class publications of which I have just been speaking), mentions that the newspaper press at that place is progressing so successfully, that a few literary men of business habits—*varoares*, I fear—might obtain there lucrative engagements. The "graduate competent to read and write twelve

European languages," who advertised the other day in the *Times* for employment, would, I should think, if equally gifted in other respects, prove a phoenix for the Melbourne press. I am sorry to have occasion, however, to draw his attention to an instance in which his services in the language he is likely to know best would be useful, to a body who might be expected to be at least as intelligent as a colonial constituency. The line of the Midland Railway Company from Bristol to Derby exhibits, or did recently, the following notice as a warning to offenders travelling on that line, who fail to comply with the requisitions of the law by consuming their own smoke:—No smoking allowed either in the carriages *and* at the stations." That enterprising publisher of railway literature, Mr. Smith, might supply with advantage to his bookstalls on this line a few volumes of the English Grammar, for the enlightenment of its *employees*. Seriously, carelessness of this kind in these times, in a public corporation, is unbusinesslike, and disrespectful to the public.

I take this opportunity of correcting an error of my own in my Gossip of the 1st August, in which I mentioned that Mr. SOWERBY, the naturalist, whose decease at the age of sixty-four I had regretted to have to notice, was the engraver and proprietor of Sir JAMES SMITH's "English Botany." I find, by a communication which I have received from a member of the family, that we are indebted to his father, Mr. JAMES SOWERBY, F.L.S., for the work in question, as well as for the other contributions to scientific literature to which I alluded, with the exception of that on Conchology, which is from the pen of Mr. G. B. SOWERBY, the subject of the present notice.

Having corrected my own blunder, may I suggest to our valued "guide, philosopher, and friend," *Punch*, that the following paragraph from his last budget of

social wisdom, viz. "Ingratitude is only a painful feeling of consciousness that there are no more favours to be received from the same person," which is described as a "Definition à la Talleyrand," might, with almost more justice, have been designated "A maxim à la Rochefoucault," seeing that the latter sage has bequeathed to us the same warning, in a form scarcely less concise—"On ne trouve guère d'ingratitudin qu'en est en état de faire du bien."

The prices produced at the late sale of the last portion of Mr. Pickering's stock, by the editions of standard classics published by him, and so long a drug in the market, and the increased and increasing value of all good and even curious books in the shops of what we usually term the "old booksellers," affords satisfactory evidence of an approaching reaction in the public taste as regards literature. For a long period, it must have been a matter of painful observation to those whom business or interest may have prompted to watch the literary signs of the times, that a sensible decline had been perceptible in that taste which, in the days when talents were called "parts," and a clever work an "ingenious piece," our fathers christened—and we may retain the phrase, for experience of the subject has not afforded us an opportunity of modernising it—"the love of letters." Any one whom accident or design may have induced to turn over a few volumes of an old magazine, whether the *European*, the *Monthly Mirror*, or even the earlier volumes of the present *New Monthly*, must at once have been struck with the fact that the style of the literature was such as in the present day would not be looked at for an instant. A little deeper investigation into the contents would at once have satisfied him that this circumstance was not attributable to the fact of the matter being old-fashioned in tone or heavy in style, but solely be-

cause it appealed unquestionably to a higher order of intellect than that which the present day has exhibited itself willing to bring to the study of literature. He will at once have observed that the pages generally occupied at the present time by threadbare persiflage, exaggerated caricature, or bad translations or worse adaptations of *feuilleton* monstrosities, were then filled with discriminating correspondence, interesting speculations on intellectual subjects, and always painstaking and often learned criticism. It is impossible for the most ardent believer in universal progress not to admit that for some time past a healthy, I will not even say a high class of literature, has proved to be less popular with the middle classes of this country than it was twenty years ago; though the increasing intelligence of that class which in those days scarcely read at all, may have compensated for their deficiencies, and made up (no very creditable fact to us!) the quota of the intellectual progress of the period. The higher orders of society are beginning to show themselves alive to the increasing importance of maintaining their social position in the world of knowledge; and titled translators, and lordly lecturers, give us reason actually to believe that the time is approaching when it may be said of literature as it was said to me the other day in Paris of religion: "Monsieur, c'est la mode." All these considerations make it most satisfactory to see grounds for believing that we of the middle classes are beginning to bestir ourselves; for certain it is, let Mr. CONDEN say what he will, that no class, much less nation, can ever retain its intellectual health upon a no more substantial pabulum than is afforded by newspaper reading, pay the intellectual debts which it owes to society with no higher coin than a knowledge of the current events of the day.

THE HERMIT IN LITERATURE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites; including an Account of the Origin and Nature of Belief in the Supernatural. By JOHN NETTEN RADCLIFFE. London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

The History of Magic. By JOSEPH ENNEMOSER. Translated from the German by WILLIAM HOWITT. To which is added an Appendix by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

PEOPLE are very fond of calling this a sceptical and an incredulous age; of deplored the gradual decay of faith, and of wondering what the end will be. There are certainly general grounds for this sort of criticism; and yet, if we pierce only a very little way under the surface, we doubt whether the march of intellect, and all that sort of thing, will be found to have lessened materially the inherent tendencies of human nature to trust and believe. Still there is a very common notion current that, after all said and done, the five senses, or whatever their latest number may be, must be the ultimate criterion of good and evil—of truth and falsehood. This doctrine is not much talked about; but it is acted on very significantly and universally. Not but what we think that we are still far remote from that reckless and terrible philosophy which recommends us to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. But the tendency of our age is to separate more and more widely the ideal and the real worlds; to merge the former in the latter; to temporise, procrastinate, and provide for the pressing evil of the day, without pausing to pry into an inscrutable futurity.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Di dederit, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentari numeros: ut melius, quicquid erit, pati.

There is nothing in this indifferentism that marks more than the prevalence of a very old and commonplace philosophy; and we see nothing on which to congratulate the existing generation in their relapse to it. But the fact that we now wish to notice is the undeniable one, that, under all this pocourantism, the strong current of awe and ineradicable intuitions is as paramount in human nature as in the sceptical days when Canidia was believed to draw down the moon to earth by her spells; or those dark times when every year added a titular saint and a fabulous miracle to the rubric of perverted religion. If we no longer see Apollo twining his golden hair in the sunbeams, or transfixing the children of Niobe with his shafts; if armies are no longer led by the Dioscuri; if angels no longer visit the

ecstatic; and the fiery enthusiasm of Papists and Puritans has ceased to burn;—our young men still see visions, and our old men still dream dreams. Not only do the divine effigies of Roman Catholic Europe drop consecrated blood before the eyes of prostrate devotees: not only does our Lady of Rimini still appear to a few favoured votaries; but, even in Protestant England, and free and enlightened America, supernatural agencies are discovered in numberless phenomena; and fate is consulted, and futurity revealed, by the divine as well as the layman. Who shall say that He, who has made nothing in vain, has endowed his most favoured creatures in vain with these mysterious and universal intuitions? Who shall call them the prejudices of education, the last shadows of superstition, when the wisest and best of all ages have shared them almost equally with the foolish and the vile? What shall we think of that logic that infers the falsity from the perversion of an instinct? Can it stand higher than that similar logic which hurries wildly from superstition to infidelity, and from infidelity to superstition? "Gentem quidem" (says Cicero as truly of to-day as yesterday), "nullam video, neque tam humanam atque doctam, neque tam immanem tamque barbare, quæ non significari futura et a quibusdam intelligi possit."

Doubtless none can read either of the well-executed works before us, without blushing frequently for his kind. They contain a very complete record of all the folly and all the madness that poor human nature has always perpetrated, when it has attempted to pass beyond its own sensible limits. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" has ever been the warning voice of the highest intuition; but it speaks, and has ever spoken, in vain. Still we strive onwards; still we attempt to look into and gather inklings of the invisible, from fantastic reveries on the confines of the visible. Light has been vouchsafed, but with that we are not content. And then, in some form or other, we try, as every age has tried, the Babylonian numbers. Oracles there have always been of purely human construction: and there will always be such until the day when, once for all, darkness shall be swallowed up in light. Monstrous Memmons—Phidian Jupiters—and Madonnas such as Raffaello's, have had their consecutive days. But not only they, but a motley, and in many respects a beautiful series of divine prototypes, have marked the esoteric changes of the human mind during the last 6000 years. Fanciful Fauns, exquisite Nymphs, fair Gods and Goddesses, typifying every beautiful and terrible element of nature; benignant Lares, direful

Lemures; Vishnas and Mariotals; Thors and Odins; mischievous Pucks; genial fairies, shocking hobgoblins, cloven-footed and horn-headed devils, white-sheeted ghosts, and spirits of every sort whispering in every air—have attested at least the creative powers of man's imagination under the influence of the outward and the inward worlds. We propose to give something of a historical *résumé* of the more notable phases through which it has passed during the period of chronicles.

But, let us first say of the books before us that they will well repay the labour of those who wish to pursue the subject more deeply. Mr. Radcliffe writes in a very pleasing style, and has gone hastily but not superficially over the ground, where Ennemoser lingers and collects every attainable legend. His title is somewhat terrific, and we would even suggest the propriety of altering it. The most sober and the least excitable would prefer sitting down to a dish of supernaturalism, without having all the most appalling recollections of their childhood awakened by such names without a moment's preparation. The very words are enough to make the hair of ordinary readers stand instantaneously on end.

Obstupui steteruntque come, cold critics as we are, at the sight of the title-page. But we recommend the book, notwithstanding, as a very pretty and very instructive little book for children—one that will teach them how to analyse and explode the silly stories of nursery-maids, without substituting for credulity the worse fault of total incredulity.

The work of Ennemoser is more elaborate. We have already noticed it briefly; and we will repeat that the names of Mr. Howitt as translator, and of Mrs. Howitt as supplementary commentator, are in themselves a sufficient passport to every drawing-room and study-table. Mr. Howitt translates faithfully and clearly; Mrs. Howitt has shown her usual good judgment and excellent taste in her selection of national legends. And it must be remembered that these legends, with all their intrinsic absurdities, are not to be treated entirely as such. There is not a legend, a fairy tale, or a ghost story of any kind, which has not in itself the elements of important knowledge—not one which is not calculated to throw light on the constitution of human nature, and the spirit of the age which originates and receives it. Superstitions are the ruling passions and characters of eras; and every great revolution, whether of individuals or nations, has been traceable to motives and principles that have been tintured strongly with superstition. Superstitions are nothing but exaggerated intuitions, with or without foundation; and, in this point of view, it

is possible that every action of life is based in some measure on superstitions.

The history of magic is in a great measure the history of superstition; and, as the history of superstition is also unhappily, in an equal measure, the history of religion, it follows that, viewed chronologically, they are inseparable and all but identical. It is the province of the divine and the philosopher to separate this light and darkness; but the historian can view them only as the mixed matter of incorruption and corruption. The source we have every reason for believing to be perfectly pure; but the pollution begins the moment that human understanding broods over it. We are now regarding it from a secular point of view merely; and the extremity of retrovision gives as a basis the first idea of the Deity. Whence that comes, whether innate or taught primarily by observation and experience, we need not now stop to discuss with Locke and others. It has been disputed whether there are or are not nations and individuals who are without the idea of a God. Whether this be so or not, it may be affirmed confidently that if such exist they must also be without superstitions of any kind. The absence of the truth in this case precludes the presence of the lie. A people or a man who cannot see God in clouds and hear him in the wind, is not likely to conceive derivative images of lower spiritual existences. The invisible world dissolves, and leaves not a vestige nor a rack behind, the moment it is contemplated as anything but the universal habitation of an ubiquitous Omnipotence.

But, whatever its source, when the idea once exists, human imagination has gained the one necessary antecedent condition of its activity in the spheres of the unseen and the unknown. Forthwith it seeks to comprehend, to expand, to extend, and to realise its own conceptions. The sublimity of the subject is the first cause of its obscurity. As the meditation advances, the sense of vastness advances proportionably; but clouds and thick darkness around, shadow the dim twilight with everlasting awe. Apart, secluded, solitary, and rapt into itself, the mind pauses awhile in vague, uncertain, and almost hopeless expectation. This is the first external stage of superstition—the first outward expression of the inward intensity. It has had its types and indicia with perfect uniformity in all countries and ages; but the Indian priest, who will sit year after year in the same unmoving posture, waiting for the divine afflatus, marks its most signal development. The transition from meditation to ecstasy is a natural and necessary reaction; and when this stage has been reached, the excited senses, the fevered imagination, and the preternatural energy, perhaps of incipient insanity, combine their action; and the result is visions that are hallucinations, and convictions that are dreams.

Such, at least, is the explanation that the physiologist gives of the phenomena of superstition. How far this materialistic solution is satisfactory as an universal truth, every one must judge for himself. It is clearly applicable and satisfactory in a multitude of instances; it is as clearly inapplicable, or at least not satisfactory, in others. Once a fool and always a fool is not by any means a safe maxim, even in our dealings towards our neighbours; and we doubt whether we have inducements large enough to convince any unprejudiced mind that, because many phenomena and influences, which are said to be supernatural, issue manifestly from natural causes—therefore all the annals of the supernatural are the fabrications of ignorance and fraud.

But, waiving the stability of the substrata, let us glance at their manifestations. The primitive world—with one great exception—shrank from abstract notions of the Deity. Ideas became symbols—symbols became oracles—and, oracles once established, the fruitful source of magic was complete in organic life. For, as oracles were the audible voice of the unknown, so magic was the motive power of oracles. Interpreters between God and man were to be formed by no ordinary discipline. Souls of the highest, and virtues of the rarest order were the only media; and even they, the favoured few, could be fitted for their high mission only by purifications and probations from which all but themselves recoiled. But the followers of a creed are seldom as ardent as its founders. And as the founders of the first oracle were doubtless enthusiasts, so their successors were almost necessarily hypocrites. The dispersion of illusion is always contemporaneous with the progress of initiation. A belief then

becomes first a system, and secondly an imposition. Such has ever been the history of oracles.

But there is always a grand sentiment of respect in contemplating the creed of an unsophisticated religion. The first intuitions of theology are beautiful, as the sounds of a child's devotion. All is earnest—simple—trustful faith; deep reverence to the will of the Heavenly Creator; deep conviction in the justice, wisdom, and mercy of his dispensations. As formalism increases with age, the voice rings with less and less gushing and healthful sincerity; the emphasis decreases, the intonations become monotonous or extravagant; religion is no longer an impulse and a passion, but a duty and a ceremony. We may be sensible to the utility, or we may be dazzled by the pomp of a gorgeous ritual; but the total result impresses less—as we are told that it affects less—than the morning and evening prayers of a little child. And so, on looking back into the dim history of ages, or viewing humanity as it still is in some places—plain, primitive, unreasoning, and almost untaught—rustic simplicity and sincerity form the severest, because the justest, criticism on education and refinement.

The East, as we all know, was the birthplace of science and imagination. To the West belongs the glory of the inductive sciences; to the East, the fullest scope and lustre of *a priori* knowledge and man's wonderful imagination. Poetry did for the infant world what cautious experiment is doing for the mature world. There was less substance, but far more specious form and gorgeous beauty, in that early state of things. For the Beautiful springs from faith, and dies with faith. The Sublime is equally its creature, and dies with its creator. And since it cannot raise itself to the skies, the constant aspiration of humanity has ever been to attempt to draw an angel down. We seek to consort with the higher intelligences; the Excelsior of the heart is ever murmuring on its way upwards; and the quenchless thirst is to gain at least some intermediate state of elevation, where we may no longer see things only darkly and as through a glass.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation.

It is this which makes the lunatic, the lover, and the poet; it is this also which makes the soothsayer, the seer, and their acolytes.

Under these influences, magic, as we have said, was born in the East—the twin sister of religion, or rather of the changeling superstition, which human error substituted for the divine child immediately after its birth. Thenceforward unto our days, and henceforward to the last days, they have marched and will continue to march hand-in-hand—lovely to the eye, hollow at the core; performing the relative duties of imagination and language. First came the Brahmin, the founder of introvision—the first and latest form of magic. In his magnetic trance, the visible and invisible worlds, past, present, and future, became clear as day to the eye of self-fixed inward contemplation. The Brahmin is the type of the primitive oracle and of the modern conjurer; the forerunner of the mysterious voices at Delphi and Dodona—and also of the gentleman whose clients are attracted by his fame to the cave at Cromorne Gardens. But then, as now, it was found that miracles cease to be such when they cease to be mysterious; and the direct communication by man to man of the secrets of the transcendental world, was discovered to be insufficiently impressive without decorations and stage-dresses. But this introduction marks the beginning of a new era. Credulity and enthusiasm at this point enter on the career of imposture; and forms increase in direct proportion to the decrease of faith. It marks the fervour and sincerity of the simple Hindoo that, with all the temptations afforded by his rich imagination and the oriental love of the concrete, his religion never assumed any decided form of idolatry or anthropomorphism.

Hence magic in India, and also in Persia, never passed from a dogma into an institution. The Vedas inculcated a high morality; and inspiration spoke in the voice of magnetic ecstasy. But their religion was never debased into a picture or a show. Brahma was in the heart, and pronounced himself in the speech of his priests; but the awful idea of the Most High and His agencies was never debased into any form or image, made by hands, of corruptible man. The waking state is darkness. In slumber Alma, the soul, is on the road to truth and life; but only in the deep sleep of trance are the barriers of the senses dashed aside, in this mortal state, and all the universe of light and beauty revealed. Self-

purification, self-denial, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," and the gradual transmutation by such means of the body into spirit, and of the spirit into Divinity, are the magic of the Hindoo. Who would not wish to see such magic everywhere taught and practised?

Persia, like Greece, had its earlier and later theology: the former pure and sublime; the latter debased and sensual. Parsecism recognised spirit and matter as the antagonistic principles of good and evil, and deified both as Ormuzd and Ahriman. Hence the universe abounds with good and evil genii. Later in time came an expanded view of this doctrine in the Dualism of Zoroaster, whose Zendavesta taught that spirits are divisible into Amschaspands, good and evil; Izeds, apparently a sort of menial familiar in attendance on the more aristocratic classes; and Peris, who were devils. The latter wait on the sorcerer, and are not to be confounded with another race, whom Moore has made so charming.

But not till we arrive in Egypt is symbolism—the essential condition of magic—prominently developed. The Persian Magi gave their name to magic; but were innocent of it. Their priesthood was hardly a priesthood; and, so far, it excelled the Egyptian. In Egypt, priesthood existed immemorially; and magic was cotemporaneous with it. There appears to be little doubt that in Egypt, as throughout the East generally, magnetism had been long known and used with startling effect; and, until we have a satisfactory solution of its phenomena, we cannot expect a solution of a multitude of traditions from the ancient world. Patients were cured of maladies by the operation of the priest's will; but neither Herodotus, nor any but members of the caste, could reach to a knowledge of its secrets. To what a consummate pitch of dramatic effect the later priesthood had brought the gathered experience of ages, the readers of the "Epicurean" need not be reminded.

Of magic as developed in Greece and Italy, we will say little. The ground has been too often trodden, and the facts or fictions are the elements of education. Yet we may remark that in both instances the gradation from soothsaying to astrology—from inspirations to visions and omens—was the same. It has been reasonably conjectured that their mythology was the vestige of an extinct natural philosophy; and, in the tendency to personify powers of nature, we see the continued working of the impulse to reduce Divinity to the comprehension of humanity. Throughout we see the action of two totally different systems—one which was purely Pantheistic; and another, which indulged the rage for personification and objectivity by endless attempts to separate the Deity into an aggregate of numberless individualities. Thus was their spirit-world formed: of which, each of the inhabitants had its distinct office and power; and, as a consequent necessity to satisfy human wants, each had its temples, its ministers, and its interpreters.

The superstitions of the Indo-Germanic nations and the Mediaeval ages have their distinctive but analogous characteristics. It is impossible to glance at them without feeling the difference of the spirit that moved the old world and that which moves the new. It is not merely the contrast between the spirit of the East and the spirit of the West, but the contrast between the opposite influences of the West, which strikes. On the one hand is a gloomy, vague superstition, peopled with ghastly, gigantic forms of Scandinavian deities—fierce, merciless, blood-thirsty, and taking a cruel pleasure in destroying their wretched creatures; and on the other the pure and gentle spirit of a humanising religion, struggling into light through the incrustations of weak human nature. In the first elements we see disseminated Orientalism still lingering in a Caucasian progeny—retaining many of the grand lineaments of the Eastern deities; but roughened, and even brutalised, to suit the notions and necessities of a migratory and energetic race.

The derivative superstitions are similar in character. All the powers of the invisible world become forthwith more active for good and evil. The gods of the Eastern world partook of the sedentary equanimity of the climate. Their wrath, when it descended, was indeed the desolating wrath of the Simoom—it was not a chastisement, but an extermination. But in general their influence was considered to be calm, benignant, and equable as the temperature: less so in torrid India and Egypt—more so in placid Greece and Italy. All mythology was tintured

by its climate and locality. Vastness, monstrosity, and sublime stillness beftted the gods and spirits of boundless deserts and endless summers. The men that breathed the light and elastic atmosphere of Greece—cheerful, buoyant, intoxicating—as naturally peopled their varied hills and laughing streams with deities, fickle as their votaries, of whom they were the idealised type. So in Italy, a graver race gave graver characteristics to its Pantheon. Jupiter is a more massive creation than the aetherial Zeus. But in Northern Europe the mythology was stern, dark, and ferocious. The Walhalla was peopled with demons and hobgoblins, such as an Eastern or Southern fancy could hardly have conceived. Odin and Thor were the heroes, and therefore the gods, of the Sea-kings and their clans. Druids sacrificed hecatombs of human victims to appease their malignant gods; mantic fury played its wildest freaks in the dark forests of Germany and Britain. Christianity changed without altering radically the existing delusions. It spiritualised much; but left much also as it was. Oracles spoke no longer; but miraculous legends introduced a new mythology. Monstrous and terrible forms were no longer seen traversing the boundless forests; but angels occasionally, and devils more frequently, haunted the wood and the castle-corridors. That most perfect of poetical creations, the diminutive Fairy, was preparing the way for Oberon and Titania; and now also Puck was often seen—*vultu mutabilis, albus et ater*—sometimes leading the boor into the swamp, and sometimes threshing his corn for him. A hideous, grotesque development and degradation of the Greek Pan roamed the world as its evil principle; whispering angels stood prompting the smiles of infant children, and extending crowns of martyrdom over the dying victim; and pale ghosts were seen hovering at midnight. Much that was beautiful and sublime was mingled with more that was merely revolting and ridiculous; but the new and awful views of human responsibility tended to make men approximate as closely as possible to the invisible world. The rage for magic became stronger than ever. Thence only, in the absence of special revelations, could man's future be known. The supply soon satisfied the demand; witches and wizards risked temporal and even eternal flames, to gain present profit; and they who consulted them eagerly one day, burned them as eagerly the next.

The days of superstition are not yet gone; and probably never will go. They cannot leave us entirely without robbing us of more than we should gain by their absence. We are not of those who wish, at all cost, to see illusions dispelled, except when they are really dangerous. After all that philosophers have said, truth still is a means, and not an end. At least truth, practically, is never sought except as a necessary introduction to happiness. The days of the old Roman and French philosophers are gone—never, we hope, to return. We talk no longer about the eternal fitness of things, but adapt ourselves thankfully to such conditions of content and usefulness as Providence has put into our power. That there is a broad and palpable line between faith and credulity none can doubt; but if, in retaining the first, we necessarily receive some portion of the second, we may at all events be assured that, in the long run, we shall be better and even wiser men than they who, ridiculing or rejecting all indemonstrable philosophy, prefer to drive on their voyage sailless, rudderless, and anchorless.

PHILO.

BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Professor Wilson: a Memorial and Estimate. By One of his Students. Edinburgh: Menzies. 1854.

To celebrate the most Homeric man of our days a Homer is needed. In the absence of the Homer we gratefully accept this eloquent and generous tribute to the memory of the brave. It is not easy to find the fitting words when a king dies; and who, climbing effulgent to an empire of his own from the midst of our infinite ignobleness, was a king, if John Wilson was not? Twenty long years have rolled away since we gazed for the first and last time on that majestic mien—since we listened for the first and last time to that grand voice which was itself poetry, even when it uttered none. But we should never have known what a true king was if our young

imagination had not flamed forth in exulting and exuberant homage to that heroic presence—if our young blood had not danced in delight and in daring to the tones of that conquering voice. And if there has been aught of kingly in our own poor career, be sure that it drew somewhat of its valour and inspiration from the brief hour when Wilson swept past us in the magnificence of his march and music. Worthy was the scene, too, of a king. The summer was in all its gorgeousness. The sun was lavish of himself, as if for him also it was holiday. The beam and the breeze were bounteous to each other, and were the richer for the gift. The glittering expanse of the glorious Largs Bay was bursting at a thousand points into a perfect enchantment of snowiness; but it was not the waves breaking on the depths of blue—it was, sweeping along the waters, the vessels, neither fierce with war nor greedy with commerce, but seeming to share, like the sea around them and the human beings who trod their decks, or who crowded on the shore as spectators, the luxury of life. We were happy enough that memorable moment, as we moved to and fro among the multitude, even if Destiny had not enriched us for ever with the sight of a king. Our native town, one of the sweetest in Scotland, with its hills, its woods, its streams, its beach and its billows, had never looked so transcendently beautiful. Suddenly a murmur of joy and of admiration ran from lip to lip; that murmur, swelling into a wild huzza, told us that some mighty thing was approaching. The shouting mass was cloven in twain, and disclosed him whom we had from our earliest childhood adored with a passionate enthusiasm. We trembled too much with emotion to join the utterance of that spontaneous idolatry to genius. But we were determined not to part with our treasure till it was torn from us. Unboundedly romantic, we found others as romantic, and followed Wilson to a banqueting-hall, where we learned that to numerous guests of high degree the marvellous stream of his poetic oratory was to flow. The commonplace loyalties usually babbled on such occasions were not wanting. How wearisome all this seemed, and we gnashed our teeth in grim impatience. At last rose our king. We had expected a whirlwind; but, better than a whirlwind, we were simply entranced by a stupendous harmony. At that instant, not so much words with potent articulate meaning, as sounds of pregnant mystery, pierced into our soul, which will ever work as a leaven there. Beside Wilson sat one who had manifold talents, and who has written some of the most delicious ballads in our language—Motherwell; he essayed to speak after Wilson. But such inextricable jumble, such ineffectual twaddle, was a torture to all our senses. We cast one final glance at Wilson; then rushed away, lest some worse than Motherwell should destroy or confuse the divine impression which had been stamped on our loving, revering bosom. For many days as we wandered along the shore, or stood on that battlefield where, six hundred years before, twenty thousand sea-rovers and their chieftains had found a grave, we could think and dream of nothing but Wilson. To the mass there had only been an illustrious professor of moral philosophy present from Edinburgh at a regatta—the tall and stately form making up by its amplitude, and energy, and rapidity of action, for the limitations of the sailor's dress—straw hat, blue jacket, white trousers, and waistcoat—strange habiliments they of the straiter sort might deem for a professor of ethics. To us a demigod had descended—sublime, immortal apocalypse.

It is not easy to give even a faint notion of Wilson's influence on the rising minds of Scotland in the period elapsing between Byron's death and Scott's—a season when his faculties were in their most colossal force, their most tropical flower. Those of us who were condemned to drag out the best days of our youth at a Scottish university had two things to be delivered from—the scepticism and gloom wherewith Byron had poisoned our being, and the pedantry and penury of the Scottish academical system. Wilson was more to us than an incomparable author—a many-sided and many-coloured splendour—he was health, he was food. Each successive number of *Blackwood's Magazine* was that daily bread which our appointed teachers refused us. Byron's gospel of suicide, varied by the chopped straw and the musty chaff of an Aristotelianism served up in the most detestable Latin, was sorry entertainment for ardent and aspiring hearts that were just leaving their boyhood behind, after having

drunk in poetry at every pore from the glens and legends of their country. The three primordial objects of education—to store the mind, to discipline the will, to afford culture to the whole being—were all alike neglected in Scotch schools and Scotch universities; they are neglected still. The common faith is, that the Scotch, as compared with many other nations, are an educated people. But, in saddest truth nowhere is education so imperfect as in Scotland; nowhere the idea of education so shallow; nowhere the ideal thereof so low. The mere means of primary instruction are comparatively abundant; and because they are so, it is complacently concluded that education is what, alas! it is not—a vigorous and fruitful national fact. There are powerful counteracting tendencies: the instinct of self-education so general among the Scotch; their thirst for knowledge; their imaginative impressionableness; their Hebrew persistency; their yearning for the ultimate logical result—in which respect they differ so essentially from the English, who are always satisfied with halfnesses, who deify compromise, and who never had and never will have a complete revolution in anything whatever, whereof the timidity of Puseyism, as contrasted with the bold Free Church movement, may serve as an example. This you may almost universally say of the Scotch, that they are well-informed, pugnaciously shrewd, and strongly individual. They are not men of routine, and do not believe that God's universe is a special vestry. Less socially Catholic than the English, they achieve, whenever once they break the bondage of their prejudices, a much wider and loftier catholicity than the English ever reach. Raise their educational institutions to the level of their wants and capacities, and the Scotch will work miracles in other and more beautiful departments than industry. Till then they must be told, and they cannot be told too often, that they have not properly any educational institutions. We can, from experience, testify that reading, writing, and arithmetic, with some rough and rudimentary inklings of Greek and Latin, may be picked up in Scotland: but we can just as emphatically testify that after trying hard from four to twenty-one, we never learned anything else from schoolmaster or professor there. Our teacher of mathematics at the Gobbleton University was deaf, nearly blind, sunk in helpless dotage; and he was a type of the whole stupid sterile thing. If Sir William Hamilton, the profoundest, most accomplished scholar of the age, happens to be a Scotchman, he owes, we suspect, but little of his erudition to his native land. Now, unless you had an eternal predestination to be a dominie or a dunce, you could not, after outgrowing the Byronic gospel of suicide, help voting schoolmaster and professor impostures and idiocies; yet you could not help thinking six weeks spent in learning the nature and names of syllogisms such a cruel waste of time as justified the most flagrant rebellion; you could not help deciding, in fiercest fury, that a commission sent down from London every half dozen years, on the pretence of examining into the state and doings of this hoary impotence, yet satisfied with the slightest and most formal discharge of its duties, was an odious and wicked exaggeration of the evil; and, if troubled and burdened by the agony of such feelings, and panting to embrace in its infinite fulness and freshness that real and living world, where every flower had a history, and every insect a language, and where man was not a cloistered mummy, but an opulence of desires, and valours, and potencies, with what rapture would you hail the coming of a glory like Wilson to discourse to you perennially of the loch, the moor, and the mountain, and of the great poets who keep the heart of humanity young! You were again enthroned on the "braes" that castled proudly over the valleys of your boyhood! You were again dreamily lying beside the "burns," the trout's leap, and the gurgle and gush of the water over the pebbles, telling you more than absolute silence would have done how completely you were alone. Again was the churchyard of that home beside the ocean a glad and lovely place to you, and only made solemn by the little sister, the unforgetting, that lay slumbering there; and hosts of old tenderesses revived, and hosts of old superstitious terrors, almost sweeter than the tenderesses, because they brought more thrillingly back the bosoms, affectionate and holy, that had shared all your emotions. O, it was no ordinary joy, after having devoured a few brief but blessed words from the mother far away,

which made us the happier the more tears they brought to our eyes, yet which left an unspeakable disquiet, and exhaustion, and loneliness, to be roused and strengthened by some of Wilson's palmiest, breeziest breathings from the heather. Then was the dull university suddenly transformed into an oriental palace dazzling with gold and gems; and the heavy professors were transfigured into inspired and inspiring ministers at the altar of Mind, and rainbows came showering down into the streets of that immense city, and we no longer saw its ugliness, its fogs, its squalors, and its abominations.

With the feelings which it is our pride and our delight to cherish toward Wilson, we shrink, as from sacrilege or parricide, from any elaborate attempt at critical delineation of his unrivalled faculties. But as some puny persons, not likely themselves ever to win even a provincial reputation, have maliciously spoken of him as a small and overrated provincial eccentricity, the merest, commonest justice demands, without speaking of our regard for those who honour him as we do, that a rapid outline of what he is, and of what he will be, in our literature as a nation, and in the universal poetry of mankind, should be given. To call him provincial is about as absurd as it would be to call Goethe provincial, because he lived at Weimar instead of at Berlin or Vienna. The accusation shows the provincial origin of him who makes it; though unsold biographical abortions are cunningly employed as a concealment, it yet smells unmistakably and intolerably of rancid oil and dirty cotton. It is notorious also that Wilson was singularly underrated, or at least unappreciated. This partly arose from the horribly debased taste of the public, which preferred the most execrable Yankee hamby-pambyisms to such masculine utterances—partly from his own exceeding modesty, his slight satisfaction with what he wrote, artistically viewed, his indifference to temporary applause, and his contempt for the petty arts and the obtrusive demonstrations by which fame in these days is gained. While the whole aim of a man like Bulwer has been to keep himself before the eye of the people, the whole aim of a man like Wilson was directly the reverse. Like the god-like souls whose prodigal invention and indomitable pith reared the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, he was content with the mere ecstasy of creation, and cared not who offered or who received the praise. Nay, he was resigned, like the sculptors, the architects, the painters of Egypt, to let whatever of Titanic his hand had done be buried in the sands till some kindred hand, it might be long millenniums after, came to disinter it. Neither can it be denied that Wilson suffered and suffers extremely from injudicious panegyric. His most extravagant eulogists were illustrious nobodies, with the stench of Little Bethel not yet off their garments, who, having spent the fume and fuss of their slender abilities to prove that sprats were whales, made the real whale cousin-german to the sprats, by sputtering and sliming their puny admiration over every inch of his enormous bulk. It is easy for a great man's renown to vanquish the calumnies of the envious; it is not so easy for it to escape victorious from the fatal homage of fools. Our own generation has lost the instinctive skill to discriminate between realities and semblances, between intrinsic nobleness, and the vapour and vaunt of charlatans; and they who claim the office of teaching it how to discriminate, are the most brazen charlatans of all. Evil was the hour when these guides of the popular taste tried to vary their ludicrous sprawlings among the sprats, by putting a crown on Wilson's imperial brow.

The primordial, the distinguishing feature of Wilson's being, was what adequately or inadequately we must characterise as heroic imagination. As a thinker he was not eminently profound or original; of subtle and fecund phantasy he had little; of the power to construct an organic whole he had absolutely nothing. But in puissant imagination, he is without an equal in ancient or modern times. It is imagination however, still more than phantasy, which constitutes the great poet; and therefore Homer will ever stand higher than Shakspear. Phantasy is often nothing but the disease and metaphysics of the imagination. It is imagination introspective, and not seldom in melancholy mood. It belongs to a maturer period of human development, a period when the mystery of sin and the mystery of sorrow are a more grievous burden and a more killing torture than the sin and the sorrow themselves. One main difference between imagination and phantasy

is, that each act of imagination is complete in itself, whereas phantasy must accumulate and combine before being able to make any distinct, glowing energetic impression. Now whatever Wilson did of memorable was with one omnipotent sweep, one omnipotent spring. A second effort would have weakened the effect, and Samson would have been shorn of his strength and become feeble as other men. Wilson had no wings, but he could run faster and leap farther than all his fellows. Keats had wings, and Tennyson has wings; even as the butterfly has wings, while the elephant and the lion have none. But your small Keats or your small Tennyson, though each interesting in his way, cannot long detain you by their butterfly flights if you have an elephant or a lion to gaze at. Imagination is Pagan, phantasy is Christian. Hence Wilson felt Christianity only through the social and poetical aspects which it presented in the Calvinism of his country. He was, in the best sense, a heathen of the heathens. To him the world was joy, lustrous synthesis, unbroken unity. His fits of remorse were more the ebbings of his animal spirits than the tragic terrors of his awakened conscience. Not that we think he was other than earnest in his entire career, for the gladness of a stalwart soul like his can never become frivolity. But his rapture was that of the mighty mother Nature herself—growth and work, and a boundingness and everlasting renewal—no selfish or bestial feast of pleasure. To the man of heroic imagination, there is no ideal universe. The real and the ideal are to him for ever one; and to him matter and spirit are one. The earth and the stars are to his glance those living things of which the oldest religions and the oldest philosophies so grandly spoke. Most invincible was the necessity that Wilson should be a Tory; but Toryism with him sprang less from any theorising on Government, or any conservative instincts, than from the affinity of Toryism with field-sports—with enjoyment generally. He detested radicalism, not because it was revolutionary, but because it was sour, sulky, and dyspeptic. Leaving politics aside, he was the true democrat of his age; the prompt and hearty recognition of human talent and of human worth for their own sake, and irrespective of conventional circumstances—that is the divine, the only democracy. It was this democracy of which Napoleon was at once the incarnation and the priest; and Wilson was pre-eminently its prophet. How quick his manly eye to see a man! How quick his manly hand to grasp the hand of a man! While scorning with a deserved scorn a vulgar, noisy liberalism, how popular were all his sympathies! His friendship for Hogg was the incense which poet worthy of the name burns ever to poet; but it was also the offering of esteem to that brave labouring class to which Hogg belonged—the fervent claim of a common human nature with it. Before Wilson, no one had written of Burns but to patronise or to pity, and an abstinence from anathemas was deemed generosity. Wilson strode up, and knelt to him as to a brother king, whom vermin and vipers and every unclean beast had striven to dethrone. And, indeed, Wilson's vocation, which he most imperfectly fulfilled, was to chronicle the real kings of the world—to build round their names and their deeds prodigious Cyclopean walls, defying time and envy. For what is heroic imagination other than that epic energy by which we achieve Iliads in battle-clash and battle-clang, and pour them flaming into everlasting song. It is well enough to say that we owe Wilson many and amazing outbursts of genius; it is better still that we should teach the people how priceless this heritage is. Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that he was never meant to be a sort of gipsy member of the insipid Lake school; Neither was he meant to be the most genial of critics; and it was thwarting and insulting the Fates to make him a Professor in a Scotch University. He had a plain path before him, which a certain indolence, perhaps a certain distrust, prevented him from following;—after doing Iliads, to write them. His acquaintance with, his imitation of, the Lake School did him deadly injury: just as we believe that this school has done and is doing deadly injury to the whole of our literature—a school which divorces nature from man, and then deals out nature as a pulseless mechanism, in small parcels by apothecaries' weight, wrapped in leaves torn from Plato. How mournful to behold a strong man who, like the giants in fairy tales, could hold a roasted sheep in his hand, pretending to relish this groat's

worth of tapioca. Mournful, not laughable at all; for what has it not robbed us of? Then, much as we think that he has enlarged and ennobled criticism, he did not naturally possess the critical intellect in the same way that Aristotle possessed it; whatever he did as a critic was an expression of longing or of loathing; an epic feat, a process of creation, a sort of apology to himself and to mankind for not being a hero in some more radiant, sustained, fertile, and conquering mode. Not what he had to say about a book, but himself, clothed with fragrances and fulminations and azures, was to us the irresistible enthralment, the ineffable ecstasy. When rhapsodising, lofty as the eagle, strong as the lion, exuberant as India's clime, on Homer and Achilles, he made us forget Homer and Achilles alike, for he himself gleamed and glowed and rushed with the most commanding attributes of both. He for the hour was Achilles and Homer. He could not appropriate any individuality, and thus he had no dramatic power; but there was nothing into which he could not lavish his own individuality; and, consequently, his critiques are merely vessels holding up to the generous brim the outflow of his heroic imagination. Such was he as the critic—what was he as the professor? Admitting that his lectures were more eloquent and suggestive than aught to which the walls of a Scottish university ever resounded, can we likewise admit that he could have either skill as an explorer, or success as a discoverer in philosophy and metaphysics, seeing that he was not either a philosopher or a metaphysician? We remember a letter which Wilson wrote when about to enter on his professorship to some insignificant Dissenting minister with whom he had been at college, which showed how imperfect and limited Wilson's notion was of philosophy and metaphysics, and how ignorant he was of their history. Still, if his professional rhapsodies were published, we would rather read them than all other discourses on the metaphysical and the philosophical, from Pythagoras downward. They would attract, not as sober and solid pælections, but as living drops of blood from that large heart. They would blend with and nourish our existence; and a giant is always a giant, however uncongenial, or unseemly, or barren, the labour to which you compel him. It would be no discredit to Wilson if he had accomplished little as a professor. For Scotland, though incessantly prating about philosophy and metaphysics, is notably commonplace and unproductive therein. Its scholars and thinkers are grossly and shamefully deficient in historical information regarding them; and of ontology, the true kingdom of metaphysics, they have not the faintest conception. The analysing and self-analysing tendencies of the Scotch, and that crucifixion of crucifixions—their insane and insatiate conscientiousness, which feeds and is fed by the gloom of their theology, have enabled them to be luminous, novel, and often deep on the morbid anatomy of mind; but this is their main contribution to metaphysics and philosophy. Measured by comparison with France, the land of philosophy, and Germany, the land of metaphysics, the Scotch have yet to learn the alphabet of subjects on which with oracular emphasis they decide as masters. We do not accuse them of immodesty or vanity herein; it is simply one of the blunders which, from their isolated position, they are so prone to commit. The value of metaphysics it is not necessary at present to settle; but it is most imperative to settle, once and for ever, Scottish pretensions in respect to metaphysics, lest some divinely-dowered nature like Wilson's should squander its wealth and wreck its vigour on a pitiful patch of sand where no tree or even shrub has yet grown. The one leading defect in Wilson was, that his passions were not intense in the degree that his imagination was ample and abounding. But if he had entered on that active life for which his physical qualities and his general character so eminently suited him—if he had been a soldier, if he had travelled, if he had battled with the world, communed with the waves, worshipped the sky in every zone, his passions would gradually have proportioned themselves to his imagination, and, concentrated, direct, persistent, yet with increased rather than diminished opulence, he would have been first the most wondrous Achilles, then the more wondrous Homer, for whom weary generations are yearning. He would have completed that work which Napoleon, from his mad attempt to revive certain mediæval institutions, to chain the young fervour, the young force of the French

Revolution to the dotage of the Papacy, left unfinished. Sad was it when Wilson took to eating tapioca, sadder still when he tried to season the mess with dust and cobwebs snatched from the grim garrets of a Scottish academy. From that moment what was epic in our king, either as deed or as utterance, suffered eclipse. The Lakers made him lethargic; Reid and Stewart paralysed him. From the former there was escape—from the latter none. There was still the wild tarn, still the wilder hill, still the melodious moan of the Ossianic seer in the mist; but there no longer was the Trojan plain—no longer a Titanic hurricane of song. We do not quarrel with the Destinies—we do not murmur at the eternal decrees. If we speak as we have spoken, it is not for the blasphemous purpose of showing how a particular province of God's realm might have been better governed, better cultivated. Accepting the whole joyfully and devoutly, we accept the parts, if not always joyfully and devoutly, yet with absolute acquiescence. But, having claimed for John Wilson a heroic imagination, matchless in kind and in amount, honesty required, even if the warmest love did not, that we should demonstrate how unheroic were its scenes and environments and nurture. Not to blame thee, thou strange and strong and beautiful Scottish man—not to trouble thy last sleep, have we so expiated; but that thy brothers all over the globe might know that thy failures and shortcomings were not thine own, but the offspring of a niggard, sluggish, and craven time.

ATTICUS.

A NEW and revised edition of Mr. Edward Osler's *Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth*, is issued by Messrs. Routledge. The little work is a model of brevity and completeness, and will find many purchasers in its present compact form.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Life from the Dead: a Word to my People. By ISRAEL PICK. Delivered in the Hof Kirche, at Breslau, on the 1st of January 1854. Translated from the German, with a preface containing some particulars of the case. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.)—Israel Pick is a young Jew, a native of Bucharest, who, after passing through the several stages of Judaism, Pantheism, and Atheism, was at length led by the study of the New Testament to embrace Christianity. He was partly assisted in his studies by the Rev. Mr. Edward, missionary to the Jews from the Free Church of Scotland, now stationed at Breslau. It was a long time, however, before "he knew the nature of true Christianity; and several letters passed between him and Mr. Edward, without giving any evidence that Mr. Pick was in any measure taught of the Spirit, or disposed to submit his intellect to the humbling doctrines of the Gospel. No more was heard of him until a remarkable letter was received by Mr. Edward." In consequence of this letter, which left no doubt of his being a sincere convert, Mr. Edward resolved to admit him into the Christian Church by administering to him the Sacrament of Baptism. It was on this occasion that Mr. Pick delivered the remarkable address to his Jewish hearers, which is here translated. An eye-witness thus describes the scene:—"The large church was full, every corner crowded below, also the galleries and the passages. In all there must have been 700 persons present, many hundreds of whom were Jews. After the sermon Mr. Edward came down to the table, Mr. Pick standing in front, and gave an address on 'Baptised into the death of Christ, crucified with Him,' which the Christians seemed to feel deeply, and the effect upon the Jews must have been solemnising. Then came the baptism, and then, to the astonishment of all, the young Christian turned round and addressed his nation." The address thus delivered was earnest and eloquent in the highest degree. We have only room, however, for a brief quotation, which is as follows:—"Only resolve for once to ask yourselves the question—'What if this Gospel were true?' And why should it not be true? Is it because you have heard it laughed at from infancy? Are you Jews or philosophers? To Jews I would say, if God could appear above the mercy-seat upon the ark, why could he not also make a human form his tabernacle? Are you philosophers? Then at most you can affirm the existence of a ruler, but can say nothing regarding his nature. Yes! this Christ lives! He is the Son of God, God in man's nature—the living, gloriously self-conscious spirit of the humanity which forms his body; and this humanity is Christianity, and the nations of Christianity are his members, and every true Christian is a drop of blood in his veins. Whoever stands out of Christ, stands out of humanity; he is a dead leaf, a prey to corruption: he is given over to death and condemnation. But whoever believes in Christ, whom accord-

ingly he pardons and embraces, taking possession of his spirit and his heart, he is born anew. O, my gracious Saviour! eternities will not suffice for rendering thanks to thee! Thou hast delivered me out of the horrible pit of sin, hast washed me clean in thy precious blood, hast shed abroad boundless blessedness in my heart, and given me thine own blessed peace. Thou hast brought to me my God. In thee have I, a homeless one, found my true eternal home. In thee have I found an unchanging friend and comforter. Thou art; thou livest; thou compest me; I feel thee, I worship thee; my Saviour and my God!"

From fiction we turn to facts, as narrated in *Youthful Pilgrims; or, Memorials of Young Persons of the Society of Friends.* (York: Huntion).—Without owing too much sympathy with Quakers, young or old, we must confess that these death-bed memorials have something about them exceedingly touching. They are all too sad, however, to justify us in recommending them to the general reader.

Another Book about Wesleyan Methodism (London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.)—is a work which appeals to only a limited class of readers. We shall, therefore, merely state that its object is: 1. To rescue Wesleyan Methodism from those who appeared to be distorting and mutilating it. 2. To place a brief outline of Wesleyan Methodism before those who were, in a great measure, ignorant of its character and design. 3. To arrest the attention of all parties to whom it might apply, that they may be stirred up to the consideration and adoption, at the present day, of Wesleyan Methodism in all its original simplicity.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Indian Army Surgeon. London: Bentley. In a series of Magazin chapters, the Indian Army Surgeon publishes certain leaves turned down from his travelling journal. Sketches of student-life, with etchings of his companions, and the professional men under whom he studied at Paris; sea life in its variety; life at Calcutta; "up the country;" on the picturesque Ganges; episodes of Burmah, Delhi, and Waterloo, interspersed with stories of Thugs, hurricanes, tigers, and other trifles—make up a volume rather interesting from the comparative novelty of the scenes described, and for variety of incident, than remarkable for any particular depth of observation, vividness of illustration, or brilliancy of style.

However, we will take a leaf or two out of Dr. Wilmington Walford's autobiography, and leave it in the hands of our readers. The romantic leaf of the journal is hinted at in the following account of

RIVER LIFE IN INDIA.

The wind freshened a little and aided the tide; we soon passed little temples, white and shining, and full of pinnacles; and ghauts crowded with bathers, some of whom, waist-high in the stream, went through formal ablutions, casting, as they did so, handfuls of flowers upon the waters; then hamlets bathed in trees, and then a military cantonment. Innumerable boats with ragged sails were creeping up the Hooghly, side by side with us, bent on a six months' inland voyage. Carrion kites sailed over head, and the adjutant-bird, like a mote between us and the sun, gyrated in a cooler region, far up in the sky. I had watched all day for the budgerow which had preceded me, and, as we brought up at evening at a village ghaut, I looked for it as if it might be there—there, however, it was not. But for a weight upon my breast I should have enjoyed this village scene. The matted walls and roofs of huts were variegated with the broad leaves and yellow flowers of creeping esculents, to which elephantine convolvuli clung for support, as if in virtue of a kindred nature. A little Hindoo boy drove a herd of mouse-coloured cattle into the stream, which, having divided a little further down, had now become narrowed. The cattle swam across, as if accustomed to the task, and the youthful herdsman followed, holding on by the caudine member of the very last. Anon a village girl, with tinkling bells on her small ankles, and earthen jar upon her head, tripped coyly to the ghaut, and drew her muslin scarf more closely around her. Monotonous days passed over; villages were no more seen. Miles of sand glared upon the sight; long tracts of grass, in which human beings might easily lose themselves, became wearisome. A brace of wild ducks would pass overhead, and No. 3 was sure to bring them down; or, creeping close to a jutting point, the snub-nosed alligator lurked behind it, for it looks ready. The boat steals round the point—there is the gnarled trunk of a fallen tree there, and yet it moves. With his mail all mudclad and dried by the sun, his piercing eye just above the level of the water, his snout within it, his scaly longitude coiled zigzag upon the sedgy slope, he launches himself just as an ounce ball reaches him where the scales seem thinnest behind the shoulder. He rears himself as he struggles towards the water, and six yards of scaly length uncoil themselves with a rattling noise as he gains his own element, and the oily eddy, here and there

bloodstained, which swirls above his back, points out the course he has taken. By that he can be traced, close by yon rotten tree, the leafless branches of which break the surface of the water, and give footing to a spotted kingfisher. It was the fourth night, and we brought up at a solitary place; there was no village with twinkling lights and sleep-disturbing tom-toms, or drumming. The boatmen's cooking-fires blazed up, however, and odours of savoury curries perfumed the air; these in their turn died out. The boatmen prepared for rest by an ablution, and crept under the sail, upon deck, for there were no village revelries near to make them break forth in mutterings. As the fires sank, the brake was lit up by myriads of fireflies, whose tiny lights ebbed and flowed among the dark green, at times a sparkling shower, a wondrous pyrotechny. The cricket's whirring noise, blended with the beetle's hum, sung us all to sleep, to be roused by a cribbing jackal, which, skulking within a few paces, shrieked the longest bar of discord I ever heard, and broke the stern silence of the jungle night. Another day, and the waste gave place to a great city, and the mingled noises of men. Artisans in ivory came down to the ghauts and offered their wares for sale; dealers in silks and bandannas hovered about patiently, for time is not much heeded in their eyes; cunning in trade and circumventive in a bargain being equivalent to the European's "small profits and quick returns." Then a blue line of wavy hills formed a pleasant background, only at intervals seen as we issued from bamboo thickets; but we crept towards them perseveringly, and left the busy city in our wake. Before we did so, I made inquiries for the budgerow; it had been seen, but was gone again, gone again. The blue hills daily lost their depth of blue, and assumed a greenish aspect. We were nearing them; we could see foliage upon their slopes. Cross rivers became very frequent; the land became covered with a network of these, and our boat seemed one of the many gigantic shuttles, weaving a gigantic pattern; for here, as to a focus, river craft were drawn, and one afternoon, towards the close of a day spent in tracking through thickets and against an increasing current, we came upon a fleet of them, and suddenly was spread before us the broad expanse of the Ganges. It was an inland sea, and waves, not altogether mimic, ruffled it. A strong current ran down—a fair wind opposed it; but it was too late in the day for trading craft to enter upon the voyage, for the eastern shore had to be gained, and that was only known by trees on the horizon at one or two points. Native craft were therefore congregating rapidly, and the great majority of those arriving so late in the day moored for the night safe within the Baghurrett's mouth, for so was the river called whose windings we had traced so far.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

But we have left our group—a line of squatting figures, too symmetrically straight to be voluntary, and wonderfully merry and much at ease, considering collaterals, were even more noteworthy than the "men in buckram" already alluded to. One especially appealed to my better feelings. He was an old man, with a noble cerebral development; a few silvery locks rambled about the ears and occipital regions; and he had as silvery a moustache and beard as any patriarch of the Mosaic era. Being rather a lover of phrenology, I stood and contemplated the intellectual prospects which such a brain-box must necessarily give the owner; and when I saw that he was padlocked to the end of a long bar of iron, and that all his companions were similarly held "in limbo," I must confess that I had certain impressions not particularly complimentary to my countrymen. I approached the meek-visaged prisoner, and put my hand upon his bald and shining head, and forthwith proceeded to investigate his case; for I was sure that he had had foul play. He returned my salutation as meekly as I might wish; but, as my questions were put in an objectionable mixture of Bengalee, Oordu, and Malabar, the Melanchthon-looking old man had great difficulty in understanding me. After this, however, I applied myself to an investigation on scientific principles, and I must say that such a cranium I have seldom seen. I turned rather indignantly to the badge-holder in charge of these convicts (most of whom looked as if deserving of their fate), and requested to know what connection this old man might have with such as these. This official had been accustomed to the vernacular of new arrivals, and soon arrived at my meaning. The prisoners were Thugs, convicted of lives spent in assassination, and this old man was far before the others in "Thuggee." He looked on placidly, and listened to this account of him. I expected an indignant denial every moment by him, especially when it was stated that the old man had tied the "fillet" round the necks of some eleven hundred human beings. As I looked at him again with a phrenological eye, he was within an ace of giving the lie to the native gentleman in charge, when the old man muttered, "Sutch-bat!" (or, "just so!"). He had no wish, then, to misrepresent matters; indeed, he was unwilling to forego the renown he had acquired. That night Phrenology and I had a strong tussle; and she had much difficulty in re-establishing herself in my estimation, for this specimen of the "hairy Hindoo" had given her the lie direct. I was not satisfied, therefore, until I had had a further

confidential talk with the venerable Thug; and thereafter phrenology came out immaculate; for I found that this old man, born with the best of bumps, had been reared in the belief that to keep down an increasing population was a good thing, and that every Thug was sure to go to heaven, as his "thugging" forefathers must have done before him. Old Baharee Lall, the "Thug," therefore considered that his grey hairs were going down with honour to the grave, and in the utmost odour of sanctity; and it would have given him great satisfaction to be permitted to add a few more victims to his unexampled exploits; but to this there were objections. Phrenology, indeed, was not invaded by a hair's-breadth; it was merely a question of opinion as to what was crime and what was not crime. Baharee Lall had a view of that question entertained by his ancestors, and carefully handed down to him; and whilst taking a human life his heart went not a jot the faster. His only wonder was, how others did not think as he did; and he unhesitatingly denounced his accusers as heterodox to a fearful extent. As I bid Baharee Lall adieu I passed my hand across my windpipe. I wanted to assure myself of its being still in the same spot where I had seen it when shaving last. Baharee Lall "salaamed" with the greatest amount of courtesy that the long iron bar thought becoming to the occasion. We were perfectly polite, and merely gentlemen holding different opinions.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Hard Times. By CHARLES DICKENS. London: 1854.

Falconbeck Hall. By J. HARWOOD, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

The Brief Career; or, the Jew's Daughter. By Captain HORROCKS. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

We have frequently avowed ourselves to be very ardent admirers of the genius of Mr. Dickens. We have not hesitated to assert our opinion, for which we have been subjected to no small amount of ridicule, that his genius is the greatest that England has produced during the present century; indeed, we are not sure that there has been a greater since Shakspere. There have been better novelists, better poets, better delineators of character, more perfect artists; but there has been none who has scattered abroad so many original ideas, of whose conceptions so many have passed into the popular mind and become a part of the thoughts and language of the age. This we take to be the test of genius. It is because a whole volume of witty and wise things, snatches of truest poetry, and brilliant thoughts uttered in aptest prose, can be gathered from the works of Shakspere, that he holds his high place in popular esteem. But for these his plays might have enjoyed the same sort of fame as those of his contemporaries, whom it is the fashion to praise, but not to read; but it is his "beauties," as collectors call them—those pearls of thought, whose truth or eloquence have recommended them to all men's perceptions—that make him still the most popular of British authors. This is the claim which we prefer for Dickens. Since Shakspere, no writer in our language has produced so many passages of wit, wisdom, and poetry. A large volume of "Beauties" might be culled from his works, which will be read and remembered when his reputation as a mere novelist has passed away. If we rightly look upon this as the test of true genius, undoubtedly Dickens could prefer a claim second only to Shakspere himself; no such volume could be gleaned from the works of any other writer in our language, living or dead.

Now are we blind to his many faults. He cannot construct a good plot; he cannot support it ingeniously. He can conceive character admirably; but he cannot sustain it consistently with itself. With rare exceptions, his personages end the tale very different beings from the form in which they were presented to us at the beginning. He destroys some of his best creations by an unhappy tendency to exaggerate their peculiarities; and it is lamentable to observe how this failing grows upon him—the characters in each succeeding novel being more grievously caricatured than in its predecessor. He has moreover marred his later works with a fanciful repetition of the same expressions, which in an inferior writer we should have termed affectations, but in him we must set down as whimsicalities, but which, however called, are unworthy of his genius. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, we still look upon him as greater than he is held to be even by his most indiscriminating admirers.

It was necessary thus to preface a notice of his last fiction, because we have little to say in its favour, and great fault to find with it. As a piece of writing, *Hard Times* has fewer beauties and more defects than any thing he has yet produced. It would be difficult to cull from it half-a-dozen pages of "Beauties" for such a volume as we have supposed. The plot is meagre in the extreme. As with all his plots, he had manifestly changed its plan after it was partly written; and the end in no way fulfils the promise of the beginning. He had certainly designed to make something of Sissy Jupe and her lost father. He constitutes her a leading feature of a few chapters, and then we lose sight of her altogether, and she is introduced in the last act, as in a play are all the characters on the stage at the fall of the curtain, just for form's sake. He has carried his bad habit of caricature to an excess unknown before, even to himself. There is scarcely a natural character in the whole book. Sissy, Louisa, and her brother, are tolerably free from exaggeration; but all the rest are more fitted for *Punch* than for a sober narrative professing to paint life as it is to-day.

But these are not its worst faults. It is to the spirit of the tale that we object most strongly. Mr. Dickens has designed by it to write down science, reason, facts, and figures, more especially political economy and economists, because, forsooth, their arguments clash inconveniently with Mr. Dickens's sentimental views of certain subjects. We can sympathise with him in the vexation he doubtless feels to find some philanthropic aspirations, which are creditable to his heart because they are sincere, thwarted by those cold-blooded things, facts and figures, and shown to be as unwise as they are well-intended; it is unpleasant to have a sentiment, especially if it is a fine one, brought forcibly to the test of reason, and challenged to defend itself by argument; but it is not becoming in one of Mr. Dickens's high place in literature to write a fiction purposely to vilify his antagonists—not by proving their doctrines to be false, but by an imaginary picture of certain supposed consequences to which he would have it implied that they conduct. We have many times denounced this practice of fighting by fictions in the case of religious and political novels, and precisely the same arguments are applicable to *Hard Times*. It was not wise, to say the least of it, to discourage the honest pride by which he who has risen in the world by his own exertions points backward to his origin. Yet the caricature of Mr. Bounderby cannot but have that effect, and it will foster the false shame which makes so many fear to recall what they were. The general tone of hostility to manufacturing industry and to masters employing large bodies of workmen, not uttered in plain terms, but everywhere insinuated, cannot be too strongly deprecated, as calculated to encourage a hostile feeling between master and man, that needs not the stimulus of a popular novelist to make it issue in dangerous consequences to society. Moreover, the description is in itself untrue. There is no such town as Coketown; there is no such education as that to which the Gradgrinds are represented as having been subjected; they are coarse caricatures, with a shadow of a resemblance distorted in every direction, but which the inconsiderate may possibly mistake for portraits.

We deeply lament to be obliged thus to speak

of any work of an author whom we so much admire; but it is our duty to the public to give an honest opinion fearlessly, and we have done so.

Mr. Harwood's novel does not lack interest of a certain kind. It is thronged with characters, most of them of the melodramatic cast, and startling incidents keep us in continual excitement. At least, it is never dull; and that is a merit which the weary reviewer will recognise with gratitude. The plot is nothing, but the stage is always busy, and every scene is a story in itself, so that when all is done the reader will be inclined to bestow his applause upon the performance. The author conducts us over a considerable part of the globe; and one of his sources of amusement is the introduction of adventures by sea and land, partly true, partly imagined, and ingeniously woven into the narrative. Mingled with all this romance, there is a design to depict the realities of our own time. One of his characters is the madman Thom, who was shot at Canterbury some years ago, and who is made the hero of no less an episode than winning the affections of a beautiful daughter of an Oxford

Professor, who falls dead upon his body when he is shot. He proposes to paint also the society of Oxford and of Brussels; he brings before us the heroes of the stable, of the ring, of the pothouse; jockies, chartists, Jews, loanmengers, and the classes who prey upon the young and foolish. Many of these are done with great vigour, and read like truthful sketches; but are they more likely to dissuade from companionship or to attract? We have some doubt. *Falconbeck Hall* will be pleasant reading at a sea-side lounge.

The *Brief Career* appears appropriately at a time when the public mind is turned by the newspaper want of a topic to the state of the army, as revealed by the courts martial at Windsor. Captain Horrocks has designed to describe the career of a young officer, easy, good-natured, and with no sufficient power of self-command, thrown into mess-room associations immediately upon leaving school and before he has acquired worldly wisdom. So long as the author confines himself to barrack scenes and military life, with which he has a thorough acquaintance, he is entirely successful; but when he passes out of it into other scenes and depicts other persons, he becomes unreal, and consequently dull. The alternative title of the *Jew's Daughter* relates to the heroine, who is the daughter of a wealthy Jew, with whom the hero keeps up a sort of sentimental flirtation while he is a little more seriously in love with another young lady. But we will not anticipate the slender plot. Let the reader seek it for himself. The style is verbose and heavy; the descriptions are too elaborate; if the author had only said half as much about them, we should have conceived them twice as clearly. Something must always be left to the imagination of the reader, and the writer can only suggest; art consists in suggesting the most characteristic features.

The Village Millionaire. By Miss LAMONT. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1854.

If *The Village Millionaire* were the first production of Miss Lamont's pen, we should congratulate her upon a *début* of more than average success; but, as she has already "given hostages to fame," and is now favourably known to the novel-reading world, she must accept her reputation as our best excuse for subjecting her to a severer measure of criticism than was applied to her as a *débutante*. Frankly, then, *The Village Millionaire* does not perform the promise made by "The Fortunes of Woman." It is wanting in power; it lacks sustained interest; it is deficient in probability; and it has evidently been written in more haste than is consistent with care.

Benjamin Hardy, the nephew of a respectable tanner, sets out from his native village to begin the world, with two hundred pounds in his pocket, and the balance of some wages due to a deceased brother, to be received by him from some Liverpool merchants. He leaves home with an ambition to become a millionaire, and a sneaking kindness for a certain Harriet Avey, "a charming young person, with an ingenuous and sprightly countenance" (we call it a sneaking kindness, because he seems never to have said anything about it to the young lady herself.) After an eventful journey, during which he assists at an argument upon Fate and Free-will between a fat man and a thin man, who are his fellow-travellers on top of the coach, he arrives at the great seaport, gets a stool and seventy pounds a year in the office of the merchants, and finds himself on the high road to fortune. At Liverpool he makes the acquaintance of a young Scotchman, named Gordon, who also has a great ambition to make his way in the world, and who takes the singular course of throwing up his commercial career, and enlisting as a common soldier, to fulfil it. After a time, Benjamin Hardy is sent out to the West Indies, to transact some important business for his employer with a Jamaica planter, named Fanshawe. This planter has an only daughter, Eugenia, aged twenty-two, supposed to be the widow of a young English officer who deserted her, and has been reported dead, leaving her nothing but one little boy, the result of the union. Between this young lady and Benjamin an *amour* ripens, with a quickness which we must suppose to be incidental to a West Indian climate—an *amour* not merely platonic, if the careful details of our authoress mean anything. This, however, is not to last long; if the summer of their love be warm, it is certainly brief. Benjamin soon discovers that Mr. Fanshawe's affairs are in a most unsatisfactory state; and this touching fact has an evident and

immediate effect upon him, for he sells up the father of his *inamorata* in the interest of his employers, the Liverpool merchants, and escapes back to Europe, leaving poor Eugenia nothing for her love but an *honorarium* of two hundred pounds.

Meantime, Harriet Aveley has become an orphan, has been adopted by the respectable tanner John Hardy, and has been sent for to India by her uncle Colonel Aveley, an officer of great repute. Arrived there, the most brilliant matches which that eminently match-making country can afford are laid at her feet; but in vain; she has fallen in love with the common soldier Gordon, who has been her fellow-passenger out, and who appears to have attracted her attention by his efficient conduct at the pumps. Any little difficulty that might have been anticipated from Colonel Aveley's opposition to this match is easily got rid of, by giving Gordon an opportunity of saving his commander's life in battle. Gordon now turns his coat once more, and, convinced that his shilling a day will not enable him to keep his wife in a manner suitable to her rank, he takes to the counting-house again.

By this time "my friend Benjamin" (as the authoress calls him) is no nearer to the position of a millionaire than ever he was. On the contrary, he has gone into partnership with a speculative radical, and thence into the *Gazette*; whereupon the speculative radical blows out his own brains, and Benjamin finds that he has not only lost all his money, but also the savings of his uncle, the respectable tanner.

Eugenia, who, as we have seen, has lost her lover, and who afterwards lost her father, now comes to England with her little boy, and, under the name of Madame Lenoir, takes up her abode in the native village of the Hardys. The worthy tanner (who seems to have quite a passion for befriending friendless young ladies) compunctions her, and receives her under his roof. At the same time Harriet Aveley comes back from India to await her husband in England.

When the *dramatis persona* are once upon the same stage, the plot hastens to its conclusion. By a lucky speculation in railway shares, Benjamin realises his fondest hopes, and becomes a millionaire. After this achievement, he suddenly discovers that he is in love with Harriet Aveley; but her marriage with Gordon is of course a deathblow to his hopes in that direction. The idea next strikes him that he ought to do something for Eugenia, and he can think of nothing better than marrying her himself. With this idea, however, she does not appear to fall in; remembering, possibly, his conduct in Jamaica, and the inclosure of the two hundred pounds. So nothing remains for "my friend Benjamin" but to go into Parliament, and to marry a certain Lady Charlotte as a *pis aller*. Eugenia discovers that her deceased husband was an English baronet, and that her little boy is heir to a comfortable estate.

This is the material out of which the three volumes before us are spun, and we must confess that the plan appears to us to lack both purpose and probability. What lessons are to be deduced from the career of such a man as Benjamin Hardy? He is a hardhearted, selfish, unscrupulous fellow throughout—a *Liverpool man* of the very worst sort. He ruthlessly abandons the only woman who ever gave him her love, and pays back the priceless gift with *two hundred pounds*. He fails in the regular course of commerce, and only succeeds upon the gambling-table of the Stock Exchange. Can we respect such a man? Yet he is the hero of the book, is successful in the end, and marries a Lady, as we have seen. Are we to infer from this that it is good to be unscrupulous and selfish, and that the best thing that a man can do when he has nothing to lose is to embark upon the sea of speculation? Again, what lesson can be deduced from the career of Gordon? His enlisting as a soldier is absurd; his success with Harriet Aveley a ridiculous violation of every probability. It is true that the young lady might have done worse than marry a common soldier; for she might have married into a certain class of officers; but is it likely that Colonel Aveley, a proud Indian officer of rank, would sanction the union with his consent? Now we are no great sticklers for the observance of probability; but we think that, when it is violated, it should be in favour of fitting objects. We have a sympathy with the hero of a fairy-tale; Sinbad the Sailor has our respect, if not our credence; but we cannot so readily fall in with improbabilities woven around

the story of a Liverpool stock-jobber and an adventurer from the Land of Cakes. Great genius has taken very mean things, and has surrounded them so with its own peculiar *gloria*, that we have been cheated into admiration of the worthless subject by the surprising beauty of the treatment. This, however, is not the case here.

When Miss Lamont appears again before the public, we trust that she will have given her plot the benefit of much matured reflection than she has expended upon it in this instance. Her style sometimes manifests a freedom and an elegance which prove that, with greater care, she could accomplish much better things than this. We would warn her also against the besetting sin of letting the world see the colour of her stockings. The ankle may be finely turned, but the blue tint of its integument is highly objectionable. Why should Lord Hoodborough compliment Miss Aveley upon her cheeks by talking about the *Lumen purpureum juvena*? And, above all, why should Benjamin Hardy and Eugenia be excused in their very questionable proceedings by a reference to the precedent of Dido and Aeneas? Miss Lamont may take our word for it, that a style may very easily be too learned; but it can never be too simple or too natural.

The Convent and the Manse (Nelson and Sons) is intended to show "the contrast between the pure and peaceable religion of Christ, and that system which is its dangerous counterfeit." There is much condemnation of convents and nuns. The story has the merit of being a brief one.—In the "Run and Read Library" (Clark, Beeton, and Co.) we find a new tale by Miss Catherine Sinclair, entitled *Modern Flirtations; or, a Month at Harrogate*.—*Ida May* is an American importation (Low and Son) which follows in the wake of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the heroine, however, being a beautiful and accomplished white slave, and not a nigger.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajoz: a Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. PERCY JONES. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THERE appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a few months ago, a review of the above work by the author himself. We were quite at a loss which to admire most—the conception of the drama, or the mode of its introduction to the public; and yet, on reflection, what more natural than that the author should wish to forestall criticism by assuming to himself the office of the critic? Who so well qualified as he to form an adequate estimate of the merits of his work? What finger but his own could point out, with such unerring precision and fidelity, the trifling defects which disfigure, or the abundant beauties which adorn, his performance? Does not the manufacturer know the worth of his own work, and the merchant the value of his own merchandise; and shall it be said that the poet is more ignorant than these? Avant, ye gain-sayers! Go ye to the archives of *Blackwood*, be convinced, and bear witness!

Critics are proverbially a ruthless race, and are, moreover, for ever in a hurry. Who can calculate the amount of mischief which is inflicted by these unfortunate characteristics? Here, for instance, is some poet's pretty little way-side flower-garden, waiting only for the sunshine of popular opinion to bring it to perfection, when lo! without warning, but not, alas! without precedent, down rush a host of vociferating critics, like so many wild asses of the desert, snuffing the air, champing and capering in a manner fearful to hear and to behold, who, in their eagerness for the weeds and thistles, trample all the delicate blossoms into mire, and then whisk off again, with ringing hoof and cruel snort, leaving a waste where they did not find a wilderness! Who that is touched with the feelings of our common humanity can contemplate such scenes of havoc and devastation without compunction and dismay? Far more worthy would it be of the enlightenment and wisdom of this latter half of the nineteenth century to allow, in all cases, the author to accompany the reader through his own little demesne, culling with a gentle hand its modest flowers, and pausing now and then to reveal, amid a too-exuberant lustiness of verdure, some meek and puny blossom steeped in dew, and hanging on the milky stem of the parent plant, or indicating with a trembling hand, and blushing cheek, and deprecating air, the corner where the nettles grow—than to permit the wild incursions of the above-mentioned Vandal host

of critics, with all the terrible "panoply" and clangour of their iron shoes! All honour, therefore, to thee, dear T. Percy Jones! for hast thou not been weighed in thy own balance, and found not wanting? Didst thou not blow thy own trumpet, and sound thy own praises? And what is the result? Behold the critics at thy feet, eager to use the selfsame pair of scales, to blow a blast on the selfsame trumpet, and to pitch their note of *gratulation* on the selfsame key! Was ever triumph like unto this? Here, at length, are the author's trammels broken, and henceforth and for ever he shall be at liberty (oh glorious liberty!) to pronounce his own verdict, and be taken at his own valuation. Is not this a boon of incalculable value to all future poets? What more is necessary to render all the other Joneses, Browns, and Thompsons, in Christendom "notabilities"? Here is one of the noble fraternity who hath vociferated "Cuckoo!" and, lo! the grove is resonant with answering voices. He has sung his own strain of self-gratulation, which the critics have echoed; he has lashed his own delinquencies, and saved them the trouble; and what more remains but that he should chant his own *paens*, to which they will doubtless respond. All honour, therefore, to thee, T. Percy Jones, whether Thomas or Timothy, all honour and all hail!

But the author did not spare his own performance. What author would, under the circumstances? Who would not be willing to inflict one lash upon himself to save ten at the hands of the public executioner? Then, observe that the flogging is very judiciously administered. It does not alight upon the author himself, so much as on the back of those on whom he wishes to cast ridicule. For be it known that *Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy*, is a satire, and is intended to bring the poetry of Sydney Vendy and Alexander Smith, &c., into contempt. We applaud the object, and admire the manner in which it is executed! Firmilian is a student of Badajoz, to whom the great earth-spirit, "universal Pan," has whispered flattering things. To wit—

"Rise up, Firmilian—rise in might!" it said;
"Great youth baptised to song!" Be it thy task,
Out of the jarring discords of the world,
To re-create stupendous harmonies
More grand in diapason than the roll
Among the mountains of the thunder-psalm!
Be thou no slave of passion. Let not love,
Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill
That sways the actions of ungifted men,
Affect thy course. Live for thyself alone.
Let appetite thy ready handmaid be,
And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life,
Be it forbidden or no. If any comes
Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,
Launch thou the arrow from the string of might,
Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,
And let it quiver there! Be great in guilt!
If like Busiris, thou canst rack the heart,
Spare it no pang. So shalt thou be prepared
To make thy song a tempest, und to shake
The earth to its foundation.—Go thy way!"

After such excellent advice, Firmilian resolves to write a tragedy which shall "astonish the Browns!" He selects the remorse of Cain for his subject; but, alas!—

What we write
Must be the reflex of the thing we know;
For who can limit the morning, if his eyes
Have never look'd upon Aurora's face?
Or who describe the cadence of the sea,
Whose ears have never opened to the waves,
Or the shrill winding of the Triton's horn?
What do I know as yet of homicide?
Nothing. Fool—fool! to lose thy precious time
In dreaming of what may be, when an act,
Easy to plan, and easier to effect,
Can teach thee everything.

And accordingly he plunges into every species of debauch and profligacy with the purest intentions possible, and commits a series of atrocious murders in order that he may experience the agonies of remorse to such a degree as may enable him adequately to

Give due utterance to the awful shrieks
Of him who first imbued his hands in gore,—
To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain!

But all his labours are in vain! His conscience is seared, or his nerves are too strong to admit the much-desired and long-sought agonies of compunction. All the emotion he feels, after the terrible series of crimes which he has perpetrated, is that of exultation at the extent of his own wickedness, and the tragedy of Cain remains, therefore, unwritten to this day!

It will be seen that *Firmilian* is a grossly exaggerated caricature of "Balder." By obstinately regarding the latter hero as a model to be imitated, instead of (as the author intended) an example to be shunned, and by suppressing all that is good in his character and conduct, and supplying its place by the "Seven

Deadly Sins," a tolerable idea of the relation which these two personages sustain towards each other may be obtained. Indeed, little more is necessary—we throw this out as a hint to any budding satirist whose eye it may meet—than to sit down to "Balder," or any other poem of thoughtful merit, and, after carefully expunging all its best passages, and denuding it of its delicate beauties, fill in with the coarsest fragments to be met with in Massinger and Ford, or Beaumont and Fletcher; and, by way of giving pungency to the ribaldry, add a little of the Attic salt of Wycherley and Congreve, and lo! another *Firmilian*! Let it not be imagined that we are disposed to undervalue Mr. Percy Jones's remarkable performance. On the contrary, we give it credit for the possession of many important qualities, which are now, alas! becoming too rare! Its audacity, for instance, is above all praise, and the noble impartiality of the author cannot fail to elicit the admiration of those whose moral obliquity will allow them to enjoy it. Friend and foe, right and wrong, good and evil,—all fall equally under the lash, all share the smut in equal proportions! The imitations of the authors whom he wishes to caricature are not, we think, remarkable for their fidelity, except, indeed, in a certain felicitous sonorosity of diction, when he borrows their own phraseology. The spirit of his performance is, no doubt intentionally, at variance with theirs. Nor can we discover the slightest similarity between a memorable passage in *Firmilian*, and the "Page and Lady" of Alexander Smith, although it must be admitted that certain contemporaneous critics appear to have the advantage over us in this respect. But we do not allow this to blind us to the surpassing merit of the lines in question, which, for the fearless exhibition of qualities already alluded to, are altogether unprecedented. We are sorry that certain foolish prejudices in favour of delicacy, and modest reserve, prevent us from laying them before our readers. We admire, but dare not quote!

It is seldom, indeed, that a parody surpasses the thing parodied. And yet, exclaim admiring critics, behold in *Firmilian* this rare achievement! It is quite delightful to witness the enthusiasm of these gentlemen. It is quite true, and we have noticed it with some regret, that they belong exclusively to that inoffensive class of sages who insist upon utter sterility as the *sine qua non* among the poet's qualifications, mistaking (gentle souls!) baldness of conception for Grecian severity of outline, and feebleness of execution for true simplicity. Conceive a mannikin, very full of affection, and with not a thought in all his soul one half so big as his Lilliputian body, and gifted, moreover, with an extraordinary power of small-talk and meanness of speech, and you have their beau ideal of the true poet! Still, being a numerous and important body, and destined, doubtless, hereafter—when the world shall have descended to their level—to wield an influence compared to which that of their prototypes Dennis and Gildon was a mere bagatelle, their praise cannot fail to be very flattering to the feelings of Mr. Jones, to whom, indeed, it will come with the additional charm of perfect congeniality.

These gentlemen make merry with the fact that *Firmilian* has been regarded as a serious effort, in the spasmodic style, by several stolid critics, who are totally unable to perceive a joke, even when it is thrust under their very noses. It is true that these grave and sober censors of the press have with one voice unhesitatingly condemned the poem, pronouncing it—we speak on the authority of a paragraph now going the round of the newspapers—to be "sad trash," notwithstanding the author's protestations to the contrary. But, of course, the cream of the joke lies in their having mistaken it for a serious effort at all. What better acknowledgment could you make of the sterling merit of wit than to mistake it for wisdom? What comedies but the very best are ever taken for tragedy? And, although it would doubtless prove a grave affront to laugh in the face of him who is astonishing himself at the profundity of his oracles, yet the very reverse holds good with your thorough joker, whose best things should be received, not as the world has generally supposed, with boisterous relish and uproarious laughter, but in silence, with a grave air, and a lugubrious countenance. According to this principle, a true one doubtless, Mr. Jones is entitled to our hearty congratulations.

But what will the admirers of *Firmilian* say to

the somewhat startling announcement that this is by no means the first, nor is it, as we think, the best of the hoaxes which Mr. Jones has passed upon a credulous and simple-minded public! If the merit of a hoax is to be decided by the number and capacity of the persons who are taken in by it, then must that other famous hoax of his, in which he maintained before a London audience the supremacy of the ballad over the epic and every other form of poetical composition, rank immeasurably before *Firmilian*; three-fourths, at least, of the entire public, believing Mr. Jones to be perfectly serious in his Quixotic ballad-advocacy. But incomparably the highest effort in this direction which has appeared for many years, is Mr. Jones's "Lays and Legends of the Scottish Cavaliers." We are not aware that hitherto any public writer has even suspected this production to be a hoax at all. And yet, upon due deliberation, what can be more evident? Is Mr. Percy Jones the kind of man who is likely to be betrayed into violent enthusiasm about anything? Or is it likely that he, with his cool judgment and general good sense, would seriously propose it to himself, as an object worthy of his amazing powers, to justify the Scottish butcheries, and endeavour to rescue from well-merited detestation and abhorrence the name of Claverhouse and his bloody-minded compatriots? Nothing of the kind! We have all along maintained in private, and we now state it publicly as our deliberate conviction, that the "Lays and Legends" were intended as a burlesque upon, instead of being—as all the world supposed—an imitation of, Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome!" Let any one dispassionately compare the two performances, and he will be led to conclude at once that the "Lays and Legends," and the Roman "Lays," bear the same relation to each other as that which subsists between *Firmilian* and "Balder;" with this exception, that the former work is, as a parody, vastly superior to the latter. We leave this discovery to be digested by those whom it may concern.

In conclusion we may mention that in addition to the caricatures already alluded to, *Firmilian* contains much broad and farcical satire on Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, T. B. Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, George Gilfillan, John Ruskin, &c., which will, no doubt, render it exceedingly attractive to a certain class of readers. Should it survive the present generation, we suspect that it will be regarded as a singular specimen of the courtesy, good taste, and refinement of the nineteenth century, and hope that it will not fail to impress our successors with awe and salutary reverence for the memory of their lamented grandfathers!

BETA.

Shakespeare's Versification, and its apparent irregularities explained by examples from early and late English Writers. By W. S. WALKER. London: Smith.

It must have been frequently observed by the ordinary readers of our great dramatist, that while in a general way his versification is not less remarkable for its fluent smoothness than for its fulness of thought and rich imagining, it occasionally appears to "halt" with an irregular step like lameness, and leaves us to suspect some inaccuracy on the part of the printer or carelessness on that of the early editors. It is the object of this little book to show that the syllabic emphasis, which now is invariable in its use, was in the time of Shakspeare and later writers either habitually or occasionally different in respect to many names and words, and that certain abbreviations and liberties of pronunciation now disallowed were then common. Many proper names and French words were then differently uttered. The class of word illustrated by "juggler," for instance, would be often pronounced as if written *jugg-e-ler*; "commandment" as *com-mand-e-ment*; "fear" as *fe-ar*; "marriage" as *mar-ri-age*; "daughter" as *dau-ugh-ter*, &c. On the other hand, words would be often spoken so "trippingly off the tongue" as to reduce them by one or more syllables; thus "flourish" will sometimes occupy the time of only one syllable; "sanctuary," of only two syllables; "confederacy," of only three syllables; "either," of one syllable; "messenger," of two syllables, &c. Then, as to syllabic emphasis, "archbishop" will be accented on the first syllable; "therefore" will have a shifting accent; "record," as the substantive, will have the stress on the second syllable; "plebeian" will be pronounced *ple-be-ian*; "Euphrates" accented on the first syllable. We also find "solemnize," "epicurean," "sweet-heart," in short, Mr. Walker adduces no less than sixty classes of example, in which our former writers require a variation from present custom to secure the euphony of their blank verse.

We cannot, however, admit that the laxity or freedom, by an allowance of which the rugged lines of our old writers are to be made smooth, should be permitted

in modern composition, though we are grateful to Mr. Walker for the key by which we are enabled to attune into flowing music much that has been hitherto deemed unimprovable harsh; and, indeed, his book tends rather to show that there was only no breach of law on the part of our old poets, because there was no law established for their observance. Not less in respect to syllabic emphasis than orthography, our language was then unsettled; and it is only surprising how the orthography, such as it was, could have even partially formed itself in the face of pronunciation either so varied, or so differing from the written word. At the same time, in many instances, consideration teaches us that our modern alterations have been for the worse. "Archbishop" for example, ought assuredly to be accented on the first syllable, since it is adjectively distinctive of the *chief* from the *ordinary* bishop. Again, though we do not see that Mr. Walker has noticed it, the word "commerce" is accented in *Troilus and Cressida* on the second syllable. It occurs in the oft-noted line:

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores.

Nor do we see, looking at the meaning of the word, that we should not say *commerce* as well as *commercial*. Such an examination then as Mr. Walker has afforded us may aid in the readoption of certain pronunciations which are more expressive of a word's signification than those which have since obtained. Mr. Walker, however, seems occasionally to have slightly erred. He says, in French names, *Jagues*, &c. the rule of sounding the final *es* holds without exception.

The melancholy *Jagues* grieves at that.

Surely we have authority for supposing that Shakspeare also warrants the *es* mute:

Much marked of the melancholy *Jagues*.

Augmenting it with tears. But what said *Jagues*?

And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth *Jagues*.

We greet the book, nevertheless, with a cordial welcome. It is a most honest and intelligent work, crammed with research, and, in connection with Mrs. C. Clarke's "Concordance," a most valuable addition to the library of the Shakspearian student; nor can we but pay our best tribute of eulogy to the preface of the editor, Mr. W. U. Lettsom, which is by no means the least valuable portion of the volume. His remarks on the earlier editors of Shakspeare, on *correctors*, *transcribers*, and *compositors*, and on the "unsuspecting simplicity of *over-cautious* commentators," are worthy of regard; and especially so are his opinions respecting the first folio and other old copies, with his estimate of Mr. Collier's recent volume on the manuscript readings preserved in his copy of the second folio."

THE last volume of Mr. James Nicholl's "Standard Edition of the Poets" contains Butler's *Hudibras*. The introductory dissertation and life by Rev. G. Gilfillan, is a calm and discriminating paper, presenting the few facts known of Butler's life in a favourable and attractive form, and doing ample justice to the various qualities of the poet's mind—and of these his humour, as Mr. Gilfillan shows, was by no means the only one which is worthy of notice and commendation.

HISTORY.

THE Roman Catholic *History of England*, by Dr. Lingard, has never, we believe, until now, been published in a cheap form for the popular pocket and the popular library. At length Mr. Dolman has supplied the deficiency; and the first two volumes, neatly bound and well printed on good paper, are before us. The day has past when it could be said of Dr. Lingard that he was a dishonest historian or a too sincere partisan. The illustrious obscurity of his life—the sacrifices made by him, that he might be free to prosecute his task of writing a history for his own religious sect, and in which the vices of their ancestors should not be too greatly magnified, nor their virtues altogether hidden—prove the earnestness and devotion of Dr. Lingard. Of the correctness of his views, and some of his facts, we need not now remark. But since his history is read by all parties and sects in the kingdom, we can but thank Mr. Dolman for this cheap and elegant edition of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. SAMUEL PHILLIPS'S Shilling *Guide to the Crystal Palace and Park* has reached its second edition (100,000 having been sold), and is greatly amended and improved. The additions made show the rapid progress of the building and grounds towards completion.—Messrs. Routledge have added some other volumes to their useful books for the country. These are excellent sportsmen's guides. We have *Shooting*, by R. Blakey; *Fish and Fishing in the Lone Glens of Scotland*, by Dr. Knox. The third of these volumes is a clever and carefully-prepared treatise by Edward Mayhew, the veterinary surgeon, on *Dogs: their Management, &c.* Mr. Mayhew propounds a new and natural plan of treating the animal, based upon a consideration of his natural temperament. The treatise deserves the attention of all who desire to preserve the health and improve the breed of their dogs.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood's Magazine has a very cautious paper on the recent controversy between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster. It examines carefully the arguments adduced by Dr. Whewell for disbelieving the accepted theories respecting the planets and the stars, and traces the growth of his present belief—that they are not inhabited. Dr. Whewell, we find, entertained very different views in 1833; for, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," he said: "no one can resist the temptation to conjecture that these globes, some of them much larger than our own, are not dead and barren; that they are, like ours, occupied with life, organisation, intelligence." The reviewer does not, however, deem this a discredit to the Doctor; he pays a high compliment to the skill, honesty, and sincerity of his present teaching; and he seems to favour the theory lately propounded by the Master of Trinity College. As far as it goes, the examination is a most impartial and searching one; but the paper is not yet completed. Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories" are subjected to a searching examination, by a reviewer who pronounces her work far from successful. A masterly paper on Greek sculpture, and the system of colouring introduced by Mr. Owen Jones in the Greek Court at the Crystal Palace, demolishes the flimsy arguments which have been set up to prove that the Greek sculptors either coloured or plastered (we beg pardon, "stuccoed") their productions. It is a masterly paper; and should settle the dispute very much to the discomfiture of the advocates for colouring marble statuary. A long review of Lieut. Van de Velde's important work on the Holy Land; a political article or so; a poem; and a continuation of the "Secret of Stoke Manor," make up the remaining contents of this solid number of *Maya*.

The *Dublin University Magazine* preserves its nationality with much constancy. We have in the September number "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Leix and Ossory"—history and topography conveyed in a pleasant manner, and varied by humourous roadside stories. "My Expedition to Ireland" contains some

wholly new and seemingly valuable facts respecting the social and political state of Ireland during the Lord Lieutenantcy of the Earl of Halifax, in the reign of George III. Curious passages from the Earl's journal and letters are given. The other paper locally interesting is "Rathmore and its Traditions," and there is also a calmly-written article on the Irish Exhibition of 1853. Of more generally-attractive topics, there are "Life and Adventures of an Opium Eater," "Mosses upon Gravestones," Chaps. XII. to XVI., "The Nott Correspondence and Memoirs," "The Session of '54," &c. &c.

Bentley's Miscellany describes briefly the career of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, for the purpose of introducing a steel engraved portrait. "War and Peace," "Spain and its Prospects," "Society in Washington," and an account of the "Theatres of London—Their History past and present," are all noteworthy articles. Mr. Reade continues his "Clouds and Sunshine"; and there are, besides, some humorous sketches.

The *Irish Quarterly Review* has continuations of its papers on the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, and the biography of John Banister. "The Endowed Schools of Ireland" are described at some length, and another writer imparts a vast mass of information respecting the reformatory schools of France and England. The remaining papers are, "English Songs and English Music," "Prisons and Prison Discipline," and "The Dublin Hospitals and the Blunders of the Census."

In the *Eclectic Review*, the leading paper is an account of "The Works of St. Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons;" and the most animated one, an onslaught on the Government, whose achievements in providing educational literature have been outdone by private enterprise and trading competition, according to the *Eclectic* reviewer. "Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney" will please earnest Dissenters, and "Hungary and Kossoth" will find admirers with many of the liberal politicians of the day. There are four other papers.

The *Church of Scotland Magazine* has a carefully wrought paper on the "Census of Religious Worship" for Scotland; and if the facts and deductions of the

writer be correct, Mr. Horace Mann's return is even more at fault north of the Tweed than it has proved to be for England. The magazine is an earnest advocate of the interests of the Scottish Established Church. There is a great variety of matter in the present number.

In *Chambers's Journal* the very instructive and practical account of "Things as they are in America," is continued by William Chambers; and a young hand has attempted to describe "The Bringing forth of the Daily Newspaper." It is wordy.

Hogg's Instructor has no special attraction. "Sister Anne," a pretty tale, is continued.

The *Ladies' Companion*, like *Bentley*, has an engraved portrait of Admiral Napier, articles and tales in abundance, and, of course, a plate of the fashions.

The *Scottish Educational Journal* treats learnedly of "The Cramming System," and some dozen other subjects in connection with education.

Messrs. Orr & Co.'s serial publications for the month are—*The Land We Live In* (Part VI.); *The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water Colours*, by George Barnard (Part III.); *The Home Companion*; *Orr's Circle of the Sciences*; *The Family Friend*; and *The Household Handbooks* (No. IX.), containing "Domestic Cookery." Messrs. Orr have added to this collection a new serial, by Mr. J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., entitled "The Butterflies of Great Britain; with their Transformations." The descriptions, though brief, are carefully done, and the coloured illustrations, showing the stages of transformation, are excellent.

Messrs. Tallis and Co.'s publications for the month are—Part XV. of *Mr. Wright's History of Scotland*; Part XLII. of *The Crystal Palace described and illustrated*; and Part XI. of *Tallis's History of England for the Young*. All these works are profusely illustrated.

We can spare space only to name the following:—*Home Thoughts* (edited by Mrs. Owen); *The Journal of Progress* (G. Bell); *The Dublin Monthly Journal of Industrial Progress*; and *The Bulwark* (J. Nichol, Edinburgh).

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE mind of man is subject to epidemics as well as his body, but of another order. Plague, the black death, and cholera, have played their parts to some purpose in the world's history, and so have ghosts and goblins, witches and warlocks, imps and demons. As people are sometimes seized with influenza, scarlatina, and other catching complaints, so are they with spirit-rapping, table-turning, mesmerism, clairvoyance, and subjects allied. Of late years the devil, who was wont in former times to smear the brain with brimstone, has been rather at a discount, and ghosts, or at all events spirits, in tidier raiment than winding-sheets, have been rising in the market. It is possible now for a man of strong faith, like Robert Owen, can see the ghost of Hamlet's father, and for a piece of gold one may chat with Homer and chop logic with Aristotle. It is possible to write gravely and learnedly respecting such follies and delusions, and to entertain the belief that the devil has still something to attract him from his brimstone bed,

To visit his snug little farm of the earth
And see how his stock gets on,

or to make the dish run after the spoon through the medium of young ladies' fingers. Among the believing order of writers of modern days, we must rank the Chevalier Gougenot des Mousseaux, who has written a grave book, with the grave title-page—*Mœurs et Pratiques des Démons ou des Esprits visiteurs d'après les Autorités de l'Eglise*, &c. ("Manners and Practices of Demons and Visiting Spirits, according to Church Authorities, Pagan Authors, Contemporaneous Facts," &c.) Among the pranks of the devil, he sometimes takes a fancy to play cook. Our authority is the Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, and Cardinals don't fib. The tale goes that a Carthusian, being at his prayers, felt, all at once, hungrier than usual, and immediately a woman entered his chamber, who was no other than the devil. She approached the chimney, lighted the fire, and, finding some peas that had been given to the good man for his dinner, made of them a *fricassée*, put it into a porringer, and disappeared. The Carthusian continued his prayers, and then asked the Supreme, whether he might eat the peas that the devil had cooked? The Supreme replied, that he ought to reject nothing which had been created by God, provided that it was received

with acts of grace. The saint ate the peas, and assured every one that he had never eaten anything in his life so dainty. The devil on this occasion was civiler than usual; but apply to the Chevalier, and you will learn of Lucifer, Beelzebub, Lucifer, Nebirot, Sargantanas, Naberus, Glasyalabolas, and more members of the College of Tartarus than we can remember to mention.

We have mentioned table-turning and spirit-rapping. A counter-blast to such tomfoolery has been blown by a member of the Institute of France, in the person of M. E. Chevreul. His book is called *De la Baguette divinatoire, &c.* ("Of the Divining-rod, the Pendulum called the Explorer, and of Table-turning, in a historical, critical, and experimental point of view"). The learned chemist agrees with our own Faraday and others in attributing table-turning to the muscular effort exerted unconsciously. He exposes the chicanery of the spirit-rappers, breaks the divining-rod, and gives the pendulum its last swing into the Red Sea.

Before we had made intimate acquaintance with our Eastern allies, and had begun to talk so familiarly of Bashi-Bazouks, Andrea Zambelli, professor in the University of Pavia, had been lecturing in the Lombardic Institute of Science and Art on Islamism and its influences. The lectures have since been published, under the title *Sull'Influenza Politica dell'Islamismo*. The work would have appeared in spite of the circumstances which give it an immediate interest, as it is in continuation only of previous inquiries into the character of Paganism and its influences upon civilisation. What is the proper character of the Mussulmanic theocracy? Has it operated beneficially in the countries where it has taken root? Is it compatible with the reforming spirit of modern times? Such are the questions discussed by Signor Zambelli. Under the heads of "The Law," "The Caliph," and "The Sultan," he arrives at the conclusions that the Koran is a theocratic law-book, in which the civil, criminal, military, and political laws are set forth; that there is no civil constitution, in the strict sense of the word, in any Mohammedan country, but only an interpretation of the spiritual law; that this interpretation in course of time, and in spite of secondary obstacles showing themselves here and there, must tend, as a necessary consequence, to soften the original strictness of the

Mussulman code; that the introduction of new principles has produced no essential modification of the religious ground-element, because these appear only under the form of an emanation from the Prophet, as a farther revelation of his known or darkly-expressed will; and, that the Sultan or Caliph forms the only power in the state, in the double character of a spiritual and temporal ruler, because he represents Mohammed, the apostle of God. The Professor, farther, in addressing himself to the question whether Mohammedanism has or has not retarded civilisation, defends it against the charge of ignorance and barbarism. He shows that not only the Arabs, but the Turks also, had and have a literature, which has an influence on the progress of the people; and that, though this progress is not rapid, it still redeems Mohammedanism from the charge brought against it—that it limits or retards human intelligence.

Writing of Mohammedanism and of the power of Sultans and Caliphs brings to our mind a tale, translated from the Arabic by M. Cherbonneau, which appeared in the *Revue de l'Orient* a few months since. It is to the following effect:

There lived in Bagdad a young man of the features, named Abd-er-Rahman-ben-Ismail. His extreme beauty procured him the surname of the *Brilliant*. He had also the gift of poesy. The wife of the Caliph El-Oulid-ben-abd-el-Melik, known under the name of Oumm-el-Benine, was so much in love with this young man, that she fell sick. Every day she sent for him, introduced him into her apartment, and when she feared to be disturbed by any one coming, she concealed her lover in a coffer; such was their daily course. One day the Caliph El-Oulid-ben-abd-el-Melik received a present of a collar of gold, garnished with precious stones, with which he was greatly pleased. "I will reserve this for my wife," said he; and immediately he called one of his eunuchs, and ordered him to carry the collar to the Sultana. In going to acquire himself of his commission the slave found the house-door open; he reflected an instant. "What does this mean?" he inquired of himself. So saying, he shut the door, proceeded stealthily along, and heard sounds of laughter. Listening, he proceeded toward the chamber whence the noise proceeded. . . . His regard met the eyes of the young man, who started, and became pale as death. With a bound, Oumm-el-Benine pushed him into the coffer—but the slave had seen all. He presented the collar, and said: "Madame, I must demand of you a stone from this jewel." Indignant at

such audacity, the Sultana exclaimed: "Rude creature, depart from my presence!" The slave, transported with rage, went straight to his master, and said:—"My lord, to-day I found a man in conversation with your wife; I found them both in such a chamber. At sight of me, the man found himself discovered, and the Sultana hid him precipitately in such a coffer." At the same time he gave a description of the piece of furniture. At these words, El-Ouid-ben-abd-el-Melik was infuriated against his servant. "Thou base miscreant dog!" he exclaimed. He then ordered his *chaouches* to cut off his head. They seized him, and next instant his head rolled on the ground. When the execution was ended the Caliph rose, put on his slippers, and went to his wife's apartments. She was occupied in arranging her disordered headdress. He entered, and sat facing her upon the coffer indicated by the slave. In the course of conversation he said to her: "How happens it that you have such a liking for this chamber?" "Because my apparel is here," she replied. "After all, what does it matter to me?" observed the Caliph. "May I dare to hope that you will favour me with one of the coffers with which the chamber is furnished?" "Take, my lord, whichever coffer you please, with the exception of the one you are seated upon." "This is precisely the one I prefer," replied the Caliph; "you must let me have it." After a moment's stupor, Oumm-el-Benine said to him, "Very well, it is yours." At a signal from the Caliph the blacks appeared. "Raise this coffer," said he; "carry it into the hall of council, and wait for me." While the slaves were executing the orders of their master, the countenance of the Sultana bore traces of confusion. "Why dost thou change countenance?" inquired El-Ouid; "perhaps this coffer may hold thy heart?" "Pardon me, my lord, it contains nothing such. If I appear a little moved, it is because I have been taken suddenly ill." "God will cure thee," observed the Caliph retiring. When he entered into the hall of audience he found the coffer placed on the floor. "Raise the carpet," he said to his slaves, "and dig a hole the size of a man." The pit being finished, he made a sign to bring the coffer and place it on the brink. Then, planting one foot upon the piece of furniture, he pronounced the following words: "News has come to me; if it is true, thy vestment shall be thy shroud, this box shall be thy bier, and it is God that immolates thee. If this news is false, I inter a coffer, and lose only a few planks." So saying, he gave a sudden push, and the box descended rapidly, knocking against the sides, to the bottom of the pit. "God forgive me!" added El-Ouid, throwing down a handful of earth. The blacks filled up the grave, levelled the soil, and replaced the carpet. The Caliph sat upon his bed of justice until it was time to breakfast, then entered his apartment, where the two spouses confounded their souls in a common joy, as if nothing had happened between them. Peace united their existence until the day of death.

The indefatigable Hoffmann von Fallersleben again makes his bow to the public. The man lives in old books, old ballads, old legends, and probably in an old house, yclad in old clothes. We have now *Altneiderländische Sprichwörter nach der ältesten Sammlung* ("Ancient Netherland Proverbs from the Oldest Collection"). This oldest collection of proverbs was printed about the beginning of the fifteenth century, without date or place of publication, with the title—"Inciupt proverbia seriosa in theutonico prima deinde in latina sibi inuicem constantia indicio colligentis pulcherrima ac in hominum colloquiis communia." Of these proverbs we cull at random:

When one hand washes the other, both are clean.
When food dwindles, hunger grows.

When the dog has the bone, he has his tail in his mouth.

It is all the same, two legs in the stocks or only one, you are still in the stocks.

When the wolf is old the crows ride on his back.

A crooked stick burns as well as a straight one.

What does not please the priest will please the sexton.

Nature draws more than seven oxen.

"It is dirty water," said the rorer, when he could not swim.

The cat licks the candlestick out of love for the tallow.

Many a one cuts a rod for his own back.

One year does not teach more than another.

The nearer the priest, the farther from Christ.

This book of Netherland proverbs is followed by *Gesprächsbuchlein*—a book of dialogues, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, written by a Fleming, and designed to teach the Walloon, by translations from this language into the Flemish. This little book has a great philological interest. We give two examples—one in compliment to the ladies, one in compliment to English wool. *Damoisius, ou damoiselle, bon iour vous doint diex, i.e., Master, or miss, God give you a good day!* *Les engles amenaient boines laines dengletere et lez vent on par sacs, i.e., The English*

bring good wool from England, and sell it by the sack. The present work contains, farther, collections of religious hymns, divided into classes, as Christmas-hymns, Mary-hymns, and Saint-hymns. There are people who shrug their shoulders in the presence of such wares, as they would in presence of a pre-Raphaelite picture after reading a dithyramb by Ruskin. We are Hoffmann so far as to love the old legend which tells us how in the flight into Egypt the date-tree bowed down before the Virgin, to do obeisance, and to present her with fruit; and how in Egypt the parents lived as poor people, Mary spinning, Joseph carpentering—reeling yarn, moreover, which Jesus took home to the houses of the rich and the poor. Further, how Jesus brought wood and water for the household, and was servant unto his mother in the kitchen.

M. Nisard is secretary to the commission, which was appointed in France in 1849, to inquire into the character of the popular literature of the people as it is represented in chap-books and cheap publications. His official position has enabled him to write a very interesting book. Much of its point is lost, however, in its bibliographical peculiarities. We shall have a better notion of the nature and object of the present publication, if we can fancy the British Government seized with a sudden fit of educational reform, and extremely anxious for the spiritual welfare of the people, issuing a commission to inquire into the character of Monmouth-street and Minory issues. We should have some learned Theban of the board giving us his opinion of and extracts from the "Shepherd's Calendar," extracts from Francis Moore, physician, Gadbury, Lilly, Booker, and the rest of the almanac makers. We should fear for the authority of "Tom Thumb," and tremble for the veracity of John the slayer of giants. We should have our doubts about "Goody Two-Shoes," and make up our mind for the drowning of "Puss in Boots." Cruel "Barbara Allen" we should not object to find running up stairs on the tread-wheel; and that brisk young "feller," William Taylor hight, we might expect to find, where he ought to have been for his own good years ago, in the House of Correction. But pray let us have them all. Of the literary history of such wares M. Charles Nisard's two volumes are made up; and very good reading, of a class, they make. They are few who value bibliographical curiosities, and who are in ecstacies on beholding a first edition, or who clap their hands when they first cast eye on a broad-margined Caxton; just as there are men who cannot fall down before the "duck of a bonnet" their wives may have extorted from a reluctant purse. But all things have their uses, even old books; and we should be sorry were the French Commission to put down the chap-books, as chap books, or because they contain much foolish nonsense about astrology, chiromancy, and the like. Let good books and bad books grow together, like the wheat and the tares; and when the mind of nations is ripened, and the harvest has to be gathered in, the worthless book will perish, while the good book will be gathered into the garner and fructify for ever.

A third edition of Mignet's "Mary Stuart"—*Histoire de Marie Stuart*—raises once more the vexed question, which has been discussed in literary club and elsewhere with more passion than any other historical subject has ever provoked—Was she deserving of her fate? Rather, was she privy to the death of Darnley? Did she conspire against the life of Elizabeth? All the evidence leads us to believe that she was a consenting party to the death of her husband. Without actually knowing the means by which the Scottish ruffian nobles intended to rid her of the licentious Darnley, that she might throw herself into the arms of the adulterous Bothwell, she knew sufficiently well that their aim was evil. That she plotted against Elizabeth, even to the taking away of her life, cannot, we think, be doubted. So thinks M. Mignet. Eminent historians have thought otherwise. But the question of the Scottish Queen's guilt is no longer an open question. We do not rise, however, from the perusal of the author's volume impressed with higher ideas of Elizabeth's magnanimity; nor is our respect for Knox, the Scottish reformer, increased. Rudeness and intolerance were the characteristics of his age, and these he carried to their utmost limits. What Mary might have been, less tried and tempted, it is impossible to say; but we know what inexorable bigotry and ruthlessness policy made her.

AMERICA.

Fashion and Famine. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. London: Routledge and Co. 1854.

THE war of reprisals now waging between the American and English publishers may be deficient in point of morality; but it is certainly introducing to us many excellent transplants from the other side of the Atlantic. Here is another novelist, a lady too, who bids fair to be a star of the first magnitude; a lady with a powerful facile pen, a brilliant fancy, a rich and lively imagination—perhaps a little wrong in *morale*; but of that we shall best speak when we have said something about the story before us.

The hero of the tale, William Leicester, is one of those fascinating monsters who are happily somewhat rare in reality, but whom authoresses (strangely enough) have a morbid love of painting: a desperate villain, with fine black hair, splendid teeth, and a thorough contempt for the Decalogue. Years before the opening of the tale, he has been married to Ada Wilcox, the beautiful daughter of a New England farmer. As might have been expected, the union was not productive of much happiness; Leicester being what our lively neighbours would call *un peu volage*; and the lady apparently not less so, for she takes her revenge in kind, by running away with somebody to Europe. At the commencement of the story, Ada Leicester is once more setting foot upon American ground; the somebody is dead, and has left her in possession of boundless wealth; she assumes the name of Gordon, and takes up her residence in New York, attended by a faithful servant, one Jacob Strong, who is the tutelary genius of the plot, and who watches over her with more than parental care. By one of those paradoxes which are intelligible to the feminine heart alone, she is now consumed by an irresistible passion of love for her husband William Leicester. He, charming man, has been going on in his old courses, breaking female hearts by dozens, successful, courted, loved wherever he goes. At this precise moment he is engaged in the congenial occupation of fascinating Miss Florence Craft, a young lady of great expectations, extraordinary beauty, and who is of course utterly enthralled by the fine hair and splendid teeth of Mr. Leicester.

In returning to New York, Ada has two great objects to attain; first, to ascertain if there be any spark of love for her yet in the heart of her husband; secondly, to discover some traces of her father and mother, who had charge of the only child which was born of her unhappy marriage. In order to arrive at the first, she pretends poverty, and upon discovering herself to Leicester is rejected with bitter scorn. In her latter purpose she fails also; old Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox having moved away from the farm, and no traces either of them or of the child to be found.

Upon another scene, though still in the city of New York, we find old Mr. and Mrs. Warren and their little granddaughter Julia. Plunged in the lowest depths of poverty, the poor old couple are starving, until Julia's good angel introduces her to Mrs. Gray, a kind old huckster-woman in the market, who sets up little Julia in business as a strawberry-girl, and enables her to keep the wolf from the door. This same Mrs. Gray is the only sister of Jacob Strong, and her nephew, a fine young fellow named Robert Otis, is a *protégé* of Leicester's, who for some purpose (not very charitable we may be sure) has undertaken his education. Here we have all the principal *dramatis personae* upon the stage.

As we have before hinted, the *deus ex machina* of the plot is Jacob Strong—a shrewd, experienced man of the world, who brings to his struggle with the evil genius, Leicester, talent at least equal, and the additional power gained from an inflexible honesty of purpose. By means of disguises, Strong worms himself into the dark secrets of Leicester, discovers his meditated villainy against Florence Craft, and that his purpose in educating Robert Otis is to make him his passive dupe and instrument in carrying out an extensive system of forgery: he dogs him through all his slippery windings with the keenness and pertinacity of a bloodhound; he permits him to commit the crime of bigamy by marrying Florence Craft; and then, before a deeper injury has been done to this unhappy girl, he discloses the existence of the former wife, whom Leicester has falsely represented to be dead. Foiled in this quarter, Leicester, who now finds that his despised wife is wealthy, makes an attempt to gain back her heart; but that is steeled against him by anger

and contempt. Discovering at this juncture the lost child in the person of little Julia, and Ada's parents under the disguise of old Mr. and Mrs. Warren, he endeavours to gain possession of the child, as a last means of mollifying his wife. Old Mr. Wilcox, however, refuses to give up his charge, and then William Leicester, baffled at every turn, and knowing that the officers of justice are waiting to apprehend him upon the double charge of bigamy and forgery, dies by his own hand, with no witness but Mr. Wilcox.

The conclusion of the story is unhappy enough. Old Mr. Wilcox is condemned to be hanged for the supposed murder of Leicester, and only saves himself from that ignominious fate by suicide. The effect of Leicester's death upon Ada is to bring back all her love, and to plunge her into an abyss of remorse, from which she never afterwards emerges. Florence, too, after going mad on the discovery of Leicester's perfidy, offers her whole soul as a sacrifice of love to his memory. The only gleam of sunshine to illumine the future being the happy, prosperous marriage of little Julia and Robert Otis.

We should be guilty of great injustice to the book if we left it after this sketch of its plan, for the framework is really the least admirable part of the work. As we have before hinted, we dissent from the morality, but we cannot suppress a cordial tribute of admiration at the skill with which the story is developed. To justify this we will now proceed to cull a few extracts from the work, sufficient to enable our readers to judge of the desirableness or otherwise of a more intimate acquaintance with it. Take, for example, this description of morning in New York, and the introduction to kind old Mrs. Gray.—

The morning had not fully dawned on New York, yet its approach was visible everywhere amid the fine scenery around the city. The dim shadows piled above Weehawken were warming up with purple, streaked here and there with threads of rosy gold. The waters of the Hudson heaved and rippled to the glow of yellow and crimson light, that came and went in flashes on each idle curl of the waves. Long Island lay in the near distance like a thick, purplish cloud, through which the dim outline of house, tree, mast and spire loomed mistily, like half-formed objects on a camera obscura. Silence—that strange, dead silence that broods over a scene crowded with slumbering life—lay upon the city, broken only by the rumble of vegetable carts and the jar of milk-cans, as they rolled up from the different ferries, or the half-smothered roar of some steamboat putting into its dock, freighted with sleeping passengers. After a little, symptoms of roused life became visible about the wharves. Grocers, carmen, and huckster-women began to swarm around the provision boats. The markets nearest the water were opened, and soon became theatres of active bustle. The first market opened that day was in Fulton-street. As the morning deepened, piles of vegetables, loads of beef, hampers of fruit, heaps of luscious butter, cages of poultry, canary birds swarming in their wiry prisons, forests of green-house plants, horse-radish grinders with their reeking machines, vendors of hot coffee, root beer and dough nuts, all with men, women, and children swarming in, over and among them, like so many ants, hard at work, filled the spacious arena, but late a range of silent, naked, and gloomy-looking stalls. Then carts, laden and groaning beneath a weight of food, came rolling up to this great mart, crowding each avenue with fresh supplies. All was life and eagerness. Stout men and bright-faced women moved through the verdant chaos, arranging, working, chatting, all full of life and enterprise, while the rattling of carts outside, and the gradual accumulation of sounds everywhere, bespake a great city aroused, like a giant refreshed, from slumber. Slowly there arose out of this cheerful confusion forms of homely beauty, that an artist or a thinking man might have loved to look upon. The butchers stalls, but late a desolate range of gloomy beams, were reddening with fresh joints, many of them festooned with fragrant branches and gorgeous garden flowers. The butchers standing, each by his stall, with snow-white apron, and an eager, joyous look of traffic on his face, formed a display of comfort and plenty, both picturesque and pleasant to contemplate. The fruit and vegetable stands were now loaded with damp, green vegetables, each humble root having its own peculiar tint, often arranged with a singular taste for colour, unconsciously possessed by the woman who exercised no little skill in setting off her stand to advantage. There was one vegetable stand to which we would draw the reader's particular attention; not exactly as a type of the others, for there was something so unlike all the rest, both in this stall and its occupant, that it would have drawn the attention of any person possessed of the slightest artistic taste. It was like the arrangement of a picture, that long table heaped with fruit, the freshest vegetables, and the brightest flowers, ready for the day's traffic. Rich scarlet radishes glowing up through their foliage of tender green, were contrasted with young onions

swelling out from their long emerald stalks, snowy and transparent as so many great pearls. Turnips, scarcely larger than a hen's egg, and nearly as white, just taken fresh and fragrant from the soil, lay against the heads of lettuce, tinged with crisp and greenish gold, piled against the deep blackish green of spinach and water-cresses, all moist with dew, or wet with bright water drops that had supplied its place, and taking a deeper tint from the golden contrast. These with the red glow of strawberries in their luscious prime, piled together in masses, and shaded with fresh grape leaves; bouquets of roses, hyacinths, violets, and other fragrant blossoms, lent their perfume and the glow of their rich colours to the coarser children of the soil, and would have been an object pleasant to look upon, independent of the fine old woman who sat complacently on her little stool, at one end of the table, in tranquil expectation of customers that were sure to drop in as the morning deepened.

One more extract, to illustrate some of the amiable qualities of William Leicester.

Alone in one of the most sumptuous chambers of the Astor House, sat the man who had made an impression so powerful upon little Julia Warren that morning. Though the chill of that stormy night penetrated even the massive walls of the hotel, it had no power to throw a shadow upon the comforts with which this man had found means to surround himself. A fire blazed in the grate, shedding a glow upon the rug where his feet were planted, till the embroidered slippers that encased them seemed buried in a bed of forest moss. The curtains were drawn close, and the whole room had an air of snugness and seclusion seldom found at an hotel. Here stood an open dressing-case of ebony, with its gold mounted and glittering equipments exposed; there was a travelling desk of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, opal-tinted and glittering like gems in the uncertain light. Upon the mantel-piece stood a small picture-frame, carved to a perfect net-work, and apparently of pure gold, circling the miniature of a female, so exquisitely painted, so beautiful in itself, that the heart warmed to a glow while gazing upon it. It was a portrait of the very girl whom Julia had seen supported by that man's arm in the morning—new and fresh was every tint upon the ivory. Alas! no female face ever had time to grow shadowy and mellow in that little frame; with almost every change of the moon some new head was circled by the glittering net-work—and this spoke eloquently of one dark trait in the character of the man. He sat before the fire, leaning back in his cushioned easy-chair, now glancing with an indolent smile at the picture—now leaning toward a small table at his elbow, and helping himself to the fragments of some tiny game-birds from a plate where several were lying, all somewhat mutilated, as if he had tried each without perfectly satisfying his fastidious appetite. Various foreign condiments and several flasks of wine stood on the table, with rich china and glasses of unequal shape and variously tinted. For at the hotel this man was known to be as fastidious in his taste as in his appetite; with him the appointments of a meal were equally important with the viands. . . . There was nothing about the person of Leicester that should make the task of describing him an unpleasant one. He had reached the middle age, at least was fast approaching it; and on a close scrutiny, his features gave indication of more advanced years than the truth would justify; for his life had been one that seldom leaves the brow smooth, or the mouth perfectly flexible. Still to a casual observer, Leicester was a noble-looking and elegant man. The dark gloss and luxuriance of his hair was in nothing impaired by the few threads of silver that began to make themselves visible; forehead was high, broad, and white; his teeth perfect, and though the lips were somewhat heavy, the smile that at rare intervals stole over them was full of wily fascination, wicked, but indescribably alluring. That smile had won many a new face to the little frame from which poor Florence Craft seemed to gaze upon him with mournful tenderness. As he looked upward it deepened, spread, and quivered about his mouth, that subtle and infatuating smile. There was something of tenderness, something of indolent scorn blended with it then, for his eyes were lifted to that beautiful face gazing upon him so immovably from the ivory. He caught the mournful expression, east, perhaps, by the position of the candles, and it was this that gave a new character to his smile. He stretched himself languidly back in his chair, clasped both hands behind his head, and still gazed upward with half closed eyes. This change of position loosened the heavy cord of silk with which a dressing-gown, lined with crimson velvet, and of a rich cashmere pattern, had been girded to his waist, thus exposing the majestic proportions of a person strong, sinewy, and full of flexible vigour. His vest was off, and the play of his heart might have been counted through the fine and plaited linen that covered his bosom. Something more than the rise and fall of a base heart had that loosened cord exposed. Protruding from an inner pocket of his dressing-gown, the inlaid butt of a revolver was just visible. Thus surrounded by luxuriance, with a weapon of death close to his heart William Leicester sat gazing with half shut eyes upon the mute shadow that returned his look with such mournful intensity. At length the smile upon his

lip gave place to words full of meaning; treacherous and more carelessly cruel than the smile had fore-shadowed. "Oh! Flor, Flor," he said "your time will soon come. This excessive devotion—this will love—it tires one, child—you are unskillful, Flor—a little spice of the Evil One—a storm of anger—now a dash of indifference—anything but this eternal tenderness. It gets to be a bore at last, Flor, indeed it does." And Leicester waved his head at the picture, smiling gently all the time. Then he unscrewed one of the wine-flasks, filled a glass and lifted it to his mouth. After tasting the wine with a soft, oily smack of the lips, and allowing a few drops to flow down his throat, he put aside the glass with a look of disgust, and, leaning forward, rang the bell.

This is the man whom Mrs. Stephens has made her hero; and it is for making him her hero that we object to the *morale* of her book. It is a common fault, especially with authoresses (though we know not), to exalt the characters of these diabolical seducers, and to enoble, by calling it love, the passion with which they inspire their victims. In her last and most celebrated novel, "Marguerite," Madame de Girardin has cast her hero in the same mould; and perhaps the strangest phase of the phenomenon is that both Madame de Girardin and Mrs. Stephens appear to take a lively pleasure in laying bare and illustrating in their most disgusting details the worst qualities of their hero; and then, after proving him to be capable of every crime, they take a pure innocent girl like Florence Craft, and ask you to sympathise with her *love* for the wretch. What a fatal error is here! Can love exist without respect—we had almost written reverence? For the sake of human nature, let us believe that it cannot. Can the same golden chain that binds the angels to the throne of God serve to unite the bad with the good? Surely this can never be. The passion that attaches a woman to a debased wretch like William Leicester, who has no better qualities than black hair and white teeth, must be very near akin to the lowest animal instinct to which she can subject herself.

We are at a loss to find a better illustration of the terrible depravity of these scientific seducers than by quoting one which is supplied by Mrs. Stephens herself. Old Mrs. Gray is relating a trait in Leicester's character.

I remember once, when Leicester boarded at our house, Robert, there was a cabbage-rose growing in one corner of the garden. I haven't much time for flowers, but still I could always find a minute every morning before coming to market for these rose-buds when the blossom season came. That summer the bush was heavy with leaves; still there was but a single bud—a noble one, though, plump as a strawberry, and with as deep a red breaking through the green leaves. I loved to watch the bud swell day by day. Every morning I went out while the dew was heavy upon it, and saw the leaves part softly, as if they were afraid of the sunshine. One morning, just as this bud was opening itself to the heart, I found Mr. Leicester bending over the bush, tearing open the poor rose with his fingers. His hands were bathed in the sweet breath that came pouring out all at once upon the air. The soft leaves curled round his fingers, trying to hide, it seemed to me, the havoc his hands had made. It was hard to condemn a man for tearing open a half-blown rose, nephew; but somehow this thing left a prejudice in my heart against Mr. Leicester. The flower did not live till another morning. I told him of this, and he laughed. "Well, what then? I had all the fragrance at a breath," he said. "Never let your roses distil their essence to the sun, drop by drop, Mrs. Gray, when you can tear open the hearts and drink their sweet lives in a moment."

This is exactly what they do. They tear open the hearts of their victims, and inhale in one intoxicating moment the fragrance that was intended to diffuse perennial sweetness.

GERMANY.

The Poetry of Germany: consisting of upwards of seventy of the most celebrated Poets, translated into English Verse, with the Original Text in the opposite page.

By ALFRED BASKERVILLE. 2nd edition. Leipzig: Mayer, 1854.

The intellectual intimacy between England and Germany is daily becoming deeper and closer; not only are her leading divines and classical scholars introduced, in various ways and by multiform channels, to the notice of English students, but the poets and novelists of Germany are also being translated, and presented to the admiring welcome of our countrymen.

We think, then, our readers who are cultivating a knowledge of Germany's noble language, will thank us for briefly introducing the volume here noticed to their acceptance. The task of translating the lyrical and other forms of the German muse, into

English equivalents, with the *metres preserved*, is one, with whose several difficulties few are competent to grapple. In the present instance, although we cannot expect, in so vast and varied a specimen, a translator to be equally successful in every style of translation here attempted,—yet, as a whole, we have to thank Mr. Baskerville for one of the most faithful, spirited, and beautiful translations from the poets of Germany into English, which has yet come before us.

The instructive value of the volume is increased by an alphabetical list of the different authors from whom specimens are extracted, which is, moreover, accompanied by a notice of the place of birth, residence, and death of the poets themselves.

We have to add, that the volume is exquisitely printed, and among the specimens of German classic poetry are found—Arndt's "Vaterland;" Bürger's "Lenore;" some of Goethe's masterpieces; Schiller's "Das Lied von der Glocke;" "Ritter Toggenburg;" "Der Taucher," &c. &c. We anticipate a great and permanent circulation of this beautiful volume.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera omnia. Recognovit et Commentariis in usum Scholarum instruit. GUIL. DILLENBURGER, Phil. Dr., A.A.L.L.M. Editio Tertia. Bonnae, sumptibus Adolphii Marci. 1854.

The value of this edition of Horace, which may serve the ripe scholar equally well with the student, is practically attested by this issue of a third edition. Dr. Dillenburger has taken advantage of the best commentators who have preceded him; and in his prefaces he liberally acknowledges the authority of Peerlkamp, Obbar, Orellius, Duentzer, Kirchner, Luebker, Jacobs, Frank, and others. A life of Horace precedes the Odes, and the internal evidence supplied by the poet himself has evidently been used as its basis; besides this, a Chronological Table and an Index of the Horatian Metres are given. The notes exhibit equal scholarship and judgment, being brief and always important. Affixed to each separate composition is a short explanatory note by way of commentary. For typographical accuracy, completeness, and cheapness, this edition will not readily be surpassed.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)
BOLOGNA AND RAVENNA.

Ancona, Aug. 18.

I LEFT Bologna too soon to supply further notices respecting those comparatively early creations of Christian art in that city, which struck me as peculiarly deserving attention, because illustrative of the history of the idea imparting character to that art in the forms of sculpture. From memoranda I am still, however, able to refer to works that seemed to me justificatory of the theory hazarded in my last letter, that the pre-Michelangelsque age was journeying on a better path, informed by more original and calmly devotional feeling, than that posterior, when the genius of the great Florentine had begun to exercise influences totally new.

The works of Alfonso Lombardi of Ferrara, who was cotemporary indeed with the earlier life of Buonarroti, are more numerous at Bologna than any other Italian city, and admirable for bold originality, if not always for purity or simplicity. In the crypt of the cathedral is a group by him, occupying a deep niche over an altar, of the dead Christ, with seven mourners, all figures above life-size—in conception and motif fine, but rather coarsely executed, and appearing more so owing to the tasteless application of colour in a gaudy redundancy, that seems to have been frequently renewed, without the slightest sense of artistic propriety. One kneeling figure in front might be taken for a substantial burgomaster, whose tunic is painted and gilt to represent embroidered cloth of gold; the Magdalene is in a gay dress of the sixteenth century fashion; but the group of the other females, who support the fainting mother, has much pathos; and the dead figure, stretched at full length immediately above the altar, is one of the artist's finest. This group has been restored, certainly to no obvious advantage, by order of the Archbishops in 1854 and 1859. At *S. Maria della Vita* is a work spoken of as Lombardi's masterpiece, and as having excited the admiration of Michel Angelo himself—the "Transito," or rather funeral of the Madonna—now located unfavourably, so as to be seen from a much lower level, in the oratory of an extinct confraternity, no longer appropriate to religious services, but for the archives pertaining to the administration of a great hospital. This sculpture is in terra cotta, and was formerly exposed (as it is still described by Murray's "Hand-book") over the entrance from the street, where it is said to have suffered injury from the bigoted Vandals of certain Jews. It is colossal, characterised by power and a degree of vital energy that asserts itself with startling effect in some figures, but wanting in dignified repose, for the most part extravagant, and partially unintelligible. The dead figure laid in front is little distinguished, and before it is obtrusively seated on the ground a muscular half-naked man, who does not at all belong to or manifest sympathy with the scene; the twelve Apostles beyond are standing.

in attitudes varied with much ingenuity—some expressing great agitation; others perplexity, like men at a loss to interpret an unforeseen event; others (most inappropriate attribution!) a feeling of half-angry impatience; one holds up a book in both hands, as if about to throw it passionately on the ground, his expression being that either of rage or frenzied grief, but checked by the interposition of a calm majestic personage (the only form of truly elevated conception in this group), whom some critics have assumed to be intended for the Redeemer, but surely without reason, else the effects of the divine apparition would be apparent in the emotion of all present, who, on the contrary, display no reverential consciousness of anything preternatural in this individual.

The church of the Servites, whose architect was Andrea Manfredi, the general of that religious order (who died 1496, as his monument, with a full-length figure in low relief, here informs us), has an interior of aerial and majestic forms, with pointed arcades, capitals like broad bands of foliage, a clerestory, and an abis with lancet windows. Its high altar is surmounted by a grand marble structure, with statues by Fra Giovanni Montorsolo (a Tuscan, 1507-64). The figure of Christ standing in an apse, at the summit, with the cross and banner, has a mournful solemnity, that seems pleading by the might of His atoning sufferings. The Madonna and Child, with the Baptist, occupy niches rather less elevated; and below, laterally to the altar, the level of whose steps it rests upon, is Moses seated with the book of the Law on his knees—a figure in attitude rather reminding us of Buonarroti's renowned work, kindred in subject, and, though immeasurably inferior to this latter in every attribute of power, superior to it in the expression of devotional meditativeness, of that deep-felt dependence on a higher agency altogether absent from the characteristics of the stern colossus on Pope Julius's mansouleum. The corresponding figure on the other side of this altar is Adam, who is also seated, holding the fatal fruit, which he gazes at mournfully, self-reproachfully, with an expression finely marked; while the serpent, whose head is that of a beautiful woman, lies at his feet as crushed, and a drapery of skins is thrown over one limb, indicating the moment of the story intended. There is a remarkably fine monument, though a good deal blackened by age, over one of the portals of this church, by Zaccio di Volterra, who flourished early in the sixteenth century, and erected to Lodovico Gozzadini, a senator or academic professor, as may be inferred from the costume of the seated statue, evidently a portrait, whose air and attitude possess much dignity. Four allegoric figures, one with the attributes of Hercules, stand in niches that break the lateral pilasters, all displaying a vigorous and grand style of treatment.

The church of S. Giacomo Maggiore, founded in the thirteenth and finished in the fifteenth century, whose exterior is a good specimen of Gothic in brick, contains a complete gallery of valuable paintings by Bolognese masters; but it is chiefly celebrated for the rich chapel of the powerful Bentivoglio family (once sovereign in this city), built by Giovanni Bentivoglio II. in 1486, adorned by one of the finest altarpieces of Francia, and by other paintings—the Visions of the Apocalypse, the Triumphs of Fame and Death, the portraits of the above-named Giovanni and his numerous family, ranged as an accessory group, below the throne of the Madonna, &c., by Lorenzo Costa. On one of the walls is an equestrian statue in high relief, in wood or terra cotta painted, singularly introduced within the sanctuary of worship, being neither connected with any monument nor in any degree devotional, the head covered, the bearing that of a haughty and gallant young chevalier of the Middle Ages. It is the portrait (and one full of spirit as of individuality) of Annibale Bentivoglio, attributed to that Nicolo of Bari, who, from his admired sculptures for the shrine of St. Dominic, in the fifteenth century, received the surname "dall' Arca."

One of the most ancient churches of Bologna is *S. Giovanni in Monte*, a low, heavy, and gloomy pile, of semi-Gothic features, which was rebuilt in the thirteenth century. Over the stalls of its choir are a series of busts of the twelve Apostles and two Evangelists; the former by Lombardi; the latter by a friar named Farina, who is said to have executed them in 1716. Some of the Apostles' heads have a character of fiery ardour, others that of profound thoughtfulness—all a strongly-marked intellectuality. How is it that a range of subjects so suggestive has been neglected by sculpture since the school of Bernini?

To turn to the productions of a later period—Angelo Pio of Bologna (1690-1769) is a sculptor, I believe, little known out of his native place, but entitled to be so for the dignity of manner and earnestness of feeling displayed in his works on devotional subjects. In several churches we see his statues, generally above life-size, of saints and nuns, whose extatic expression and majestically-flowing draperies are strikingly appropriate to the "dim religious light" and rich gloom of Gothic sanctuaries. His cowed saints seem embodiments of self-mortified enthusiasm; his holy nuns, as the "Eloisa" resuscitated by Pope, depicts the Vestal in enjoyment of that

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind.
Each prayer accepted and each wish resign'd.

Such are two of his statues in the Church of the Oratorians (*Madonna di Galliera*)—“St. Clare holding the Ostensarium with the Eucharist,” in allusion to the story of her thus putting to flight the Saracens at the siege of Assisi; and “St. Catherine Vigri sustaining in her arms, while she rapturously contemplates, the Infant Saviour,” according to the tradition of that Bolognese lady and her miraculous visions. The handsome church raised not many years since for the Capuchins, outside the city, and near that unrivalled portico leading from the gates of Bologna to the sanctuary of the Madonna on the summit of a mountain, has an external chapel, where, through a grating, we see from the open air a group by Angelo Pio, the effect of which is startlingly natural. It is of terra cotta painted, representing, life-size, the *Pietà*, or Christ mourned over by the three Maries with St. Francis in adoration at one side. A landscape, executed with some skill, covers the semicircle of a recess beyond, producing an illusion which, though open to objection in principle, is pleasing, and the *ensemble* has more of truly devotional effect than such accessory groups in Italian churchyards usually attain, or in the slightest degree approach. A living sculptor of Bologna, named Putti, has trod in the steps of this religious school with ability, as evinced by two statues adorning the façade of the same church—“St. Francis contemplating a Skull,” and “St. Joseph holding the Infant asleep”—both of superior conception; the latter especially, in which the earnest watchfulness and sense of responsibility in the reputed father happily contrasts with the tender confiding slumber of the child. The most generally-esteemed living sculptor here is Baruzzi, who has lately erected in S. Petronio a monument to Prince Bacicchi, and his wife Elisa Buonaparte, with statues of some merit. He has received commissions from several sovereigns, I believe, and has the privilege of keeping a studio on the premises of the Academy; but the works I have seen there little impressed me.

Little did I find to admire in the school of contemporary art at Bologna; but a prevalence of cold false classicism, and that academic manner that seems the bane of Italian painting in this century. Yet the second city of the Papal States is favoured by many advantages tending to develop artistic talents—a vicarious government disposed to patronise, and often magnificent in expenditure, a wealthy and intellectual aristocracy, society more generally cultivated, and a people more industrious than those of the metropolis. The annual exhibition at the Academy occurred during my stay—the majority of works by Bolognese, a few by Italians of other states or provinces. An annual competition for prizes of the first class (gold medals), in sculpture, figure-design, historic, landscape, and decorative design, is open to artists of all nations, and judgment is awarded by votation of the Academic Council. Another competition every second year is called the “Curlandese,” because founded by a Duke of Curland, and includes, besides the above-named branches, perspective and engraving. The subjects proposed for this year were, in historic landscape, a Druid Sacrifice, as described in an episode of Chateaubriand's “Martyrs”; in sculpture, the Slaughter of the Innocents, treated in relief; in figure-design, the death of Elisabetta Sirani, supposed to have been by poison, when that gifted artist was only in her twenty-eighth year.

The figure-piece proposed for the Curlandese prize was “Properzia Rossi engaged on her relief of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife,” but of this I saw no essay yet presented. The “Druid Sacrifice” was treated in six pieces, some of which appeared good studies of forest scenery and moonlight; the “Death of Sirani” was represented not without feeling, but in a commonplace manner, by one sole competitor. By far the most impressive picture here was a half-length figure of Ugolino, by Montebugnoli, a Bolognese. This told its fearful story with an effect truly terrific; the ghastly head standing out from a background of unrelieved gloom, and the whole worked up by scarcely any colouring save that of chiaroscuro—unquestionably the conception of a powerful imagination. Another modern painting of different character, and greatly superior to the calibre common among similar performances, I admired in the uncompleted stage at which I was admitted to see it—the drop-scene for the principal theatre, being executed with an immense allegoric group, illustrating the glories of “Felsina,” by Angiolini, a professor of this academy.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

I must tell you, then, as one of the first remarks on matters and things here in England, that Robin Redbreast is not at all the fellow we in America take him to be. The character who flourishes under that name among us is quite a different bird; he is twice as large, and altogether a different air, and, as he sits up with military erectness on a rail, fence, or stump, shows not even a family likeness to his diminutive English namesake. Well, of course, Robin over here will claim to have the real family estate and title, since he lives in a country where such matters are understood and looked into. Our robin is, probably, some fourth cousin, who, like others, has struck out a new course for himself in America, and thrives upon it.—*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.*

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

PHYSICS.

THE BAKERIAN LECTURE.—OSMOTIC FORCE.—For the subject of this lecture, annually delivered before the Royal Society by one of the distinguished of the men of science of the kingdom, Professor Graham, who had accepted the arduous duty for this year, selected the natural force now known as *osmose* (from *osμοή*, impulse), proved to exist several years since by Dutrochet, the effect of which had already been more carefully and successfully studied by Professor Graham than by any of his scientific peers. The present lecture we may regard as the matured development of the views of the philosopher respecting a force which, being constantly and actively at work within the living organism, is doubtless intimately bound up with vital action; and a knowledge of which must extend our knowledge of the greatest and most exciting problem with which science can deal—the problem of Life.

Osmose, or osmotic force, is that power by which liquids, differing in kind, are impelled through moist membrane and other porous intervening bodies (septa), as shown in the various experimental illustrations of *endosmose*, the impulse into, and *exosmose*, the impulse out of. The septum, or body which separates the one liquid from the other, may be either of animal, vegetable, or mineral origin; a porous structure is essential to its action; but yet many porous bodies do not permit the manifestation of this force, when employed as septa.

When a solution of common salt is divided by a thin animal membrane (a septum which readily permits the development of osmose) from pure water, the liquid particles of salt pass outward through the membrane, by the process of *diffusion*; the movement being confined to the salt molecules, and not in anywise influencing the water holding them in solution. The flow of water inwards, on the other hand, affects sensible masses of fluid, and is that movement which may be correctly described as a current. This is osmose, and is the work of the osmotic force. The apparatus by which the force manifested is observed and measured is called an *osmometer*, and is merely a little glass cistern open at the bottom, which is to be covered with the membrane or other septum employed, and communicating at the top with a graduated glass tube, by which the amount of rise or fall, and its rapidity, may be noted.

As diffusion is always a double movement—whilst salt diffuses out, water diffusing inwards in exchange—it might be imagined that diffusibility is identical with the osmotic force. But the water which passes into the osmometer in this way has always a definite relation to the quantity of salt escaping, scarcely in any case amounting to more than four to six times the weight of the salt; whilst the water which passes into the osmometer is often more than a hundredfold greater than the weight of the salt passing out of it. It is, therefore, evident that diffusion is insufficient to account for this rush inwards of the water. Osmose has also been referred to the action of capillary force; but this is without foundation, since the inequality of the capillarity of aqueous solutions is confined within slight limits.

Experiments on the osmotic force may be made with very simple apparatus. Professor Graham describes two series of researches, the first made with a mineral septum; the second with an animal membrane. The requisite apparatus may be constructed of one of the porous earthen unglazed cylinders employed in voltaic batteries, of about 5 inches deep, into the open end of which a glass tube of 6' in. diameter is fitted by a gutta-percha cap or band; this is the osmometer. The glass tube is graduated so that the rise or fall of the liquid caused by the osmotic current may be measured and registered. In making an experiment, the cylinder is to be filled with the solution of the substance to be examined till it reaches the base of the glass tube, and then plunged directly into a large jar or basin of distilled water; as the liquid rises in the tube more distilled water must be added to the jar to prevent inequality of hydrostatic pressure. The rise or fall of the liquid in the tube will usually be found to be very uniform as observed at given intervals, say of an hour; and the experiment usually terminates in about five hours.

The osmose developed (manifested by the liquid in the tube rising) by neutral organic soluble substances, such as sugar, alcohol, &c., is very slight indeed; and this is also the case with the neutral salts of the earth and common metals, as common salt, and corrosive sublimate. A more sensible but still moderate development of osmose is exhibited by hydrochloric, nitric, acetic, sulphurous, citric, and tarteric acids, which are in their turn surpassed by the sulphuric and phosphoric acids; and these exceed in their osmotic action by salts of potash and soda possessing a marked alkaline or an acid reaction, as

binoxalate of potash and carbonate of soda; these again manifesting the greatest amount of osmotic force when they exist in small proportions in the solution, producing in general the largest amount of osmose in the proportion of one part of salt to 400 of water. *Osmose is eminently the phenomenon of weak solutions.* The substances productive of osmose act also chemically on the earthenware septum; lime and alumina being always found in solution after the development of osmose, and a corrosion of the septum seeming to be a necessary condition of the flow. Septa of several other materials, such as plaster of Paris, tanned sole-leather, &c., although very porous, exhibited no osmose, apparently because the saline solution exerts no chemical action upon them. The *vis motrix* seems to be chemical action; for, it is evident capillarity is insufficient to produce this rapidly moving, current in the liquid.

Chemists have never doubted that, during the solution of the acids alkalis, &c., in water, chemical action is set up; and in some instances it is evident, from change of temperature or other manifestation of chemical action, that it takes place to a very great extent on continued dilution, so that we may look upon these bodies as capable of combining with much water of hydration; but yet this extended combination of water is usually overlooked. Now, Professor Graham regards osmose as depending on this extended combination between water, and acid and alkaline bodies—i.e. on the vast number of the molecules of water, compared with the substances in solution which are involved in such combinations—the porous septum of the osmometer being the means of rendering visible and measuring this liquid movement attendant upon chemical action.

It has been stated that animal membrane—as an ox's bladder, divested of its outward muscular coat—is equally available for an osmometric septum as porous earthenware; and the osmose manifested presents in both cases much similarity, but is usually much more rapid with the membrane than with the earthenware septum. The membrane is constantly undergoing decomposition during an experiment, and at length is deprived of osmotic action. With the membrane and a solution of the proper kind, the flow of osmose is developed with extreme velocity—as, for instance, with a solution of carbonate of potash containing but one part of the salt in 1000 of water.

The various experiments made by the Lecturer lead him to conclude that, to induce osmose, the chemical action set up on the substance of the membrane must differ at the inner and outer surfaces; and this gives rise to the hypothesis most in accordance with the observed phenomena, that this action is not only unequal in degree, but is different in kind. It appears as an alkaline action on the albuminous substance of the membrane, at the inner surface; and as an acid reaction on the albumen, at the outer surface. The most general empirical conclusion that can be drawn is, that the water always accumulates on the alkaline or basic side of the membrane. Hence, with an alkaline salt, such as carbonate of potash, in solution in the osmometer, and the water outside, the osmometric current is inwards, and the liquid rapidly rises in the tube; with an acid solution in the osmometer, the conditions are reversed, and the osmose sets outwards, so that the liquid falls in the tube.

The differences of the osmotic force existing in various substances is very great; thus we find in standard solutions each containing one per cent. of the substance examined, a variation between the lowest and highest of a great number of these substances measured by degrees of the osmometer, amounting to no less than 587 degrees; the lowest, oxalic acid, being—118°, whilst the highest, carbonate of potash, marks +439°. The negative influence of common salt (chloride of sodium), the saline constituent, *par excellence*, of the blood, and the animal juices and secretions, is most remarkable; it reducing the enormous osmotic force of carbonate of potash almost to nothing when existing in solution with this salt in equal proportions. The osmose of pure chloride of sodium is very slight, the standard solution, as above, indicating but +2°.

It may seem that the chemical character assigned to osmose must deprive it of its physiological importance, inasmuch as the decomposition of the membrane would appear to be incompatible with vitality, and that osmotic movements must therefore be confined to dead matter. But is this the case? Are not all the parts of living structures in a state of incessant change, of decomposition and removal? The decomposition which takes place in a living membrane whilst effecting these osmotic movements is surely of a separable kind. It has been proved that osmose is peculiarly excited by dilute saline solutions, such as the animal juices really are; and that the alkaline or acid property, another invariable condition of these juices, is the most favourable condition for their action on membranes; so that the natural development of osmotic currents, through the membranes or cell-walls separating such solutions, appears to be

an almost inevitable conclusion. Thus chemical osmose seems to be an agency especially adapted to play a conspicuous part in the economy of life.

The direct substitution of one of the great forces of nature for its equivalent in another force—the conversion, as it were, of chemical affinity into mechanical force, is brought about in a most marked manner by Osmose. Now, what is more wanted in the theory of animal functions than a mechanism for obtaining motive power from chemical decomposition as it occurs in the tissues? Osmotic movements, which are correlative with extent of surface, should attain their highest velocity where this surface is greatest, as in microscopic cells. May we not, therefore, hope to find in the osmotic injection of liquids, the deficient link intervening between muscular movement and chemical decomposition, in the vital processes?

APPLIED SCIENCE.

FATTY ACIDS.—A process has lately been discovered by Mr. Tilghman for obtaining the beautiful white, hard, and pearly-looking stearic and margaric acids which, in combination with glycerin, form the greater proportion of tallow and of animal fats in general. For simplicity and ready adaptability to commercial and manufacturing purposes, it is seldom an invention comes before us promising more successful results on a manufacturing scale, or more important ones as to its influence on two very considerable branches of trade in the country—the manufacture of soap and of candles. The process, as described to us, is simplicity itself. The fat to be operated on is made into a kind of emulsion by violent agitation with a little warm water, and this mixture is then passed through pipes heated to about the temperature at which lead melts. As it flows from the pipes, it is found that decomposition of the fat has been completely effected, and the stearic and margaric acids separated from the glycerin—the base with which they were combined—and are now in a fit state to make into the hard imitation wax candles, the use of which, both here and in warmer climates, has of late years become so general; whilst to convert the acids into soap, the maker has but to boil them with his alkaline lye, and the soap is forthwith made.

HERMES.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

A Letter to the President and Fellows of the College of Physicians in relation to the Evidence cited in their late Report, on the Treatment of Epidemic Cholera. By JOSEPH AYRE, M.D., &c. &c.—The calomel treatment of cholera by Dr. Ayre of Hull is a household word with the profession; yet it appears from this pamphlet that several practitioners, either from reading his reports inattentively, or by thinking his exact formula of no material consequence, have described cases as having been treated on Dr. Ayre's plan which he himself entirely repudiates. No one can read this pamphlet without perceiving at a glance that Dr. Ayre has justice on his side. No man has a right to say that a case has been treated on a certain plan, unless the prescribed method has been strictly observed. And, in order to present this important subject in its true light, we shall describe Dr. Ayre's plan as it has been put forth by himself, and then allude to the deviations from it which have been pursued in some of the fatal cases reported to Dr. Gull, and published by him in the work issued by the College of Physicians. Dr. Ayre's plan "consists (to use his own words), during the stage of collapse, in giving one or two grains of calomel, every five or ten minutes, with one or two drops of laudanum with the first few doses of the drug, and in perseveringly continuing the same dose at the same intervals of time, until the symptoms of collapse become materially subdued." Dr. Ayre asserts that calomel, when thus administered, and without any other adjuvant than cold water *ad libitum*, exhibits a remedial power well nigh approaching to that of a specific. The minute dose of laudanum is simply intended to enable the stomach to retain the calomel, and prevent its too early descent into the bowels. Dr. Ayre gives no stimulants, and fixes no other limit to the quantity of calomel than that prescribed by the duration of the collapse, "having become early assured that, pending its continuance, no absorption of the calomel into the system takes place," and that no salivation or other inconvenience ever can arise from it thus administered. Now let us inquire how these directions have been followed in some cases reported as treated by Dr. Ayre's plan; and in doing so we shall mention no names, but simply class the cases for convenience. A. gives twenty grains of calomel every ten minutes instead of two, and withholds it at the end of two hours; B. gives two grains every fifteen or thirty minutes, instead of every five

minutes, and uses various stimulants in the treatment; C. gives five or ten grains every hour; D. gives half a grain every half-hour with stimulants. These will serve to show how variously Dr. Ayre's plan has been deviated from in the cases reported as having been placed under the treatment recommended by him. In some cases the medical attendant could see no essential difference; in others the report sent to the College authorities did not specify the treatment, except by describing it as Dr. Ayre's. As there is no subject more painfully and intensely interesting at the present moment than the treatment of cholera, we command this pamphlet to the unprejudiced perusal of the profession, without venturing a positive opinion as to the merits of the plan. An objector may ask, to what purpose is all this calomel to be swallowed, if it is not absorbed? But to this it is sufficient to reply, that whenever it does good it is absorbed, without doubt, and it is possible that the absorption of a very minute quantity of calomel may arrest the disease. Dr. Ayre does not give large doses, because they would probably be vomited, or lie in the intestines like so much chalk, to do mischief afterwards if the patient recovers; he gives it frequently, because every dose is liable to remain unabsoed or to be rejected, and there is no time to watch the effects of each dose. He conjectures that "it is by the action of the calomel on the stomach and first passages that its remedial power is exerted, and this either immediately upon them, or intermediately upon other organs, whose functions are associated with theirs, as of the liver, whose restored secretion is coincident with the removal of the collapse." We are much disposed to subscribe to this opinion. Certainly we have never once known diarrhoea pass into cholera, where the patient has swallowed and retained a dose consisting of three grains of calomel and five of rhubarb. Every plan of treatment must however be tested, not by units, but by thousands of cases, before it can claim to be universally eligible. The statistics of cholera therapeutics are as yet very imperfect, not only as regards numbers, but accuracy, as this interesting pamphlet too plainly shows.

A Lecture on Respiration: being the sixth of a series of plain and simple Lectures on the Education of Man. By THOMAS HOPLEY.—This is a well-timed publication; and if it had been published at sixpence or a shilling, instead of half-a-crown, we should have had the pleasure of not only commanding the work but the philanthropy of the author. As it is, we are bound to say that every inhabitant of every large city should be acquainted with its contents. Poisons may be scattered; but in this case they are infinitely less dangerous and less fatal, as a general rule, than when they are respired. There are gases emanating from various sources in the metropolis, sewers, graveyards, &c., &c., which in their undiluted form would cause instantaneous death if but once respired; in their generally existing form, much diluted with atmospheric air, they kill more slowly, but they are always fatal—sometimes in a very few hours, sometimes in as many days, weeks, months, or years. As a general rule, they limit the duration of human life by about one-fifth, and render the majority of those who constantly breathe them weakly and sickly for life. Those who escape them once a year by fleeing into the country for a few weeks or months, recover each season, for a time, and return to be again poisoned. This is the subject of Mr. Hopley's lecture, and he treats it very well.

Reports relating to the Sanitary Condition of the City of London. By JOHN SIMON, F.R.S., Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, and Officer of Health to the City.—This volume contains the first annual report (published in 1849), with further remarks on the water supply; the second annual report (1850); the third annual report (1851); the fourth annual report (1852); the fifth annual report (1853); a report on the city burial-grounds, and a report on extramural interments. Mr. Simon does honour to his election to the post of officer of health to the city. He has brought to his work an intelligent and active mind, well furnished with the necessary science, not as a garnish, but as an indispensable substratum for his researches; and his reports are got up with great diligence, and clothed in language very clear and intelligible, and as elegant and delicate as the disgusting nature of the subject permits. Although the details are confined to that small portion of London still called "the City," yet they concern the whole metropolitan population, and are well worthy of the close attention, not only of all sanitary reformers, but of every person interested in his own health or that of his family. The conclusions to which one is forced in reading these and other documents are indeed very depressing. Although much may be done to check the influence of existing evils, and to limit their destructive powers, especially in regard to the supply of pure water, so that we shall not be compelled to quench our thirst with putrid and poisonous matter, still there is much that cannot be corrected except by another general fire; and then, for the process to be complete, this must be followed by an earthquake. London stands upon a semi-patrid mass of earth; in some parts consisting of the remains of human corpses, some having been mouldering for centuries, and others sensibly offensive with the first processes of disorganisation; in other parts consisting of earth or gravel, blackened

with the circulation of noxious gases which have for centuries permeated its mass, and which escape in sensible quantities when the spade disturbs it. Then, not only the water, but the banks of our noble river, are reeking with putrid emanations from semi-organised mud, which penetrates deeply into the soil, and at low water combines with the filth of the sewers to sicken the passenger. For these and other sources of defilement there appears to be but an imperfect remedy in our hands. After the entire closure of all our graveyards, it appears that the evils of the past must be endured for forty years or more; and, as interments have been multiplied of late, it is probable that the poisonous effects of intramural interment will be rather on the increase than otherwise for the next ten or twenty years. It is now nearly two hundred years since these evils were allowed to accumulate, until the Plague, a necessary consequence, developed the natural tendency of this over-crowding of human beings, uncorrected by wise sanitary measures; and what the inhabitants could not do the providence of God accomplished in the following year by the great Fire, the destructiveness of which was no doubt materially promoted by the quantity of noxious and inflammable gases which were abundantly supplied by every street and court. Mr. Simon's graphic description of these sources of disease and death is not intended to discourage effort and to inspire the citizens with despair, but rather to show the enormity of those evils of which some persons altogether deny the existence. The impossibility of converting the civic atmosphere into the salubrious air of the open country supplies no argument against using every effort to reduce the amount of those evils which we cannot wholly destroy. How this is to be done is nowhere more clearly pointed out than in Mr. Simon's reports.

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE GENERAL HEALTH.

On the subject of water-supply as connected with the epidemic, we may refer to a paper by Dr. Snow, published in the *Medical Times and Gazette* (Sept. 2). This zealous investigator of the cause of cholera has been recently engaged in endeavouring to show the connection of the disease with the drinking of the Thames water; and the facts he has brought to light are certainly astounding. It appears that the inhabitants of the Surrey side of the river are supplied with water from two sources: from the Lambeth waterworks, which now obtain their supply from a point above the reach of the tide, and consequently free from the sewage of London; and also from the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, who obtain their supply from Battersea-fields, near Vauxhall—the water, consequently, containing an admixture of the sewage. In the districts gone over by Dr. Snow, the houses were supplied from these two sources in about equal proportions; and it appears that the people having the improved water-supply enjoy as much immunity from cholera as if they were living at a higher level on the north side of the Thames. It appears, then, that the enormous and appalling mortality on the south side of the Thames, which has recently excited so much alarm, is not wholly due, if at all, to the low level of the district, nor yet to its proximity to the Thames, but simply to the water-supply. *The inhabitants have been poisoned by hundreds.* Dr. Snow further shows that even the supply from the Lambeth water-works is not pure, and the same thing is true of the water supplied to the City and the other parts of London from the New River and other companies. And the reason of all this is that the water interest can command sixty or eighty votes in Parliament! So that we are poisoned not from necessity or from mere neglect, but as a tax upon a constitutional government. On the same principle we are content to be smashed in a railway carriage whenever the cupidity of a railway company requires such a sacrifice. We have thought it right thus to acquaint our readers with the state of the case. The water companies, like their railway brethren, are enormously rich; and Parliament thinks well to protect them in a monopoly, the enormous profits of which are derived from this murderous traffic in human life. We are curious to see how the newly-organised Board of Health will grapple with these evils.

The progress of the cholera in the south of France appears to throw some light on the difficult question of its mode of propagation, so far at least as human intercourse is concerned. It broke out at Marseilles, and then spread to the isolated houses in the suburbs, which lie nearest to the town, and are in permanent communication with the focus of the epidemic, being inhabited for the most part by persons who reside in the town during the day, and return to the country in the evening. It has also broken out in Italy, and not in Spain, thus showing a disposition to travel in a direction contrary to its usual course, which can only be accounted for by the arrival of infected regiments or detachments. That a period of incubation sometimes takes place can scarcely be doubted. It must be acknowledged, however, that all the phenomena hitherto observed are either wholly inexplicable, or capable of equally satisfactory explanation on theories entirely opposed to each other. The light which appears to be developed by one visitation is too frequently eclipsed by the next; and the theory of the disease and its causes which seems to be well established by its history and progress in one locality, is

utterly negatived by its course in another. It is emphatically "the pestilence which walketh in darkness."

III. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

The talk in medical circles is divided between the cholera and the approaching anniversary of the Provincial Medical Association to be held at Manchester on the 13th and 14th instant, and which will be engaged in its deliberations while these sheets are in the hands of the printer. The number of members is now 2200; and such is the eagerness and rapidity with which its ranks are filled, that, if no disruption occurs at Manchester, it will probably consist of 3000 members before the next anniversary. This contingency, however, is enveloped in painful uncertainty. Elements of discord are expected to present themselves in full force; and, as always occurs among large numbers, private interests, personal vanity, and other unworthy motives, are at work obstructing the progress of enlightened and public principles. We do hope, however, that so large a majority of the members present will be disposed to unite for the general good, that the harpies will be silenced, if not ashamed. Among the anomalies of the present constitution, we observe that there is now a general council, consisting of 307 members, who retire every year, and are invariably re-elected, with a few additional names; but the executive government of the association is in the hands of a central council, consisting of those members of the general council who happen to reside at Worcester. The councils of the branches are elected by the different branches, and are their executive bodies; but members of the general council have not (*ex officio*) seats in the council of the branch in which they reside; neither are the branch councillors necessarily members of the general council. Thus the principle of representation is practically repudiated, and the time is come when the governing power begins to quake before the popular will.

ART AND ARTISTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—RENAISSANCE COURT. The term Renaissance, of which we have lately heard so much in the art controversies of the day, is one of very general and vague application. As the Gothic style approached the period of decline, there arose a transitional species of art, under the influence of classical ideas and models; but this phenomenon occurred at different periods in the different countries of Europe, and with different manifestations. We hardly need observe that Renaissance strictly means the revival or new birth of classical art—that is, Roman art; but it is to the debateable period before the Gothic influence had completely expired, and ere the principles of classical architecture had been restored in all their completeness, that the term is generally applied. The movement of reform, revival, regeneration, call it what we will, began first in Italy, where the pure Gothic had been latest introduced, and was least firmly rooted. Here, also, the remains of the old Roman Art were in the greatest abundance, and here the resuscitation of classical literature commenced. So early, therefore, as the thirteenth century, the artists of Italy felt the influence of the antique, particularly at Pisa, where the collection of remains of antiquity in the Campo Santo were the source of inspiration to Nicola Pisano. It was not, however, until the commencement of the fifteenth century that the effect became clearly marked. To this period belong Ghiberti, Donatello, and Luca della Robbia, whose works are the principal ornaments of the Renaissance court. After Italy, France next experienced the reformatory movement, and later still, England and Germany. In this country, the revived classical style took the peculiar form which is known under the name of Elizabethan, of which the charm rather lies in its association with a remarkable period in our history, than in any intrinsic beauty of the type itself.

The Renaissance art is interesting as marking one of the most notable periods in the history of the human mind—a period of sudden expansion, when profound thinkers arose in large numbers, and completely changed the face of Europe, laying the foundation of a new era of progress. As in science, so in art—it was a return to the accurate study of nature which stamped this era. During the Gothic period of development thought had flowed in a comparatively confined channel. In the narrowness of its limits much of its charm lies. It is a world—a creation—a nature, so to speak, of itself. The meanest, most trifling production of the Gothic period, has something of the same charm which belongs to the simplest works of nature. The least works breathe the same spirit as the masterpieces. Such unity of thought and idea prevails everywhere, that no rudeness of execution can thoroughly destroy the intrinsic beauty of a Gothic work. Just the contrary prevails in the Renaissance period. Here, indeed, there are certain products of individual great minds which are altogether unrivalled—which seem to belong to no age, no school, or time. Such are pre-eminently the gates of Ghiberti. But the ordinary productions of the school, those which are not stamped with this individuality, have, in our opinion, no charm whatever. There is no vitality in the style

itself. It is in the sculpture, not in the architecture of this period, that its chief merits lie. In the Gothic cathedral the statues and ornamental carving are but subordinate parts of the great whole. In few cases do we know the names of the designers or executants of individual works, nor do we in general care to know them. Everything seems so naturally in its place, as though it properly grew there, that the idea of the workman is lost. It is certainly not the same in respect to the works of the Renaissance and subsequent periods. We do in fact know the names of the authors of most of these masterpieces, and the absence of such knowledge would be felt as a loss, as it is in fact with regard to some of the Greek statues. It is the individuality of mind which distinguishes these works; and this is their most delightful quality—imitations or second-rate efforts are intolerable. With the architecture of the age to which these works belong, and with the ornamentation which grew up with it, we confess to have no sympathy whatever. Individual parts may be beautiful—careful studies of nature or of real objects, it may be; but, taken as a whole, we see nothing but confusion, self-assertion, and discordance—the image of the conflict which had begun to prevail in the world of thought.

The great plastic artists Ghiberti, Donatello, and others, had also for their models works of Greek rather than Roman art; in other words, they had before them some of those types of unapproachable excellence which the world will never see surpassed. But the architecture which supplied the Renaissance artists with ideas was not Greek, but that debased style (so we cannot but think it) which grew up under the Caesars. As far as sculpture barely was concerned, the great Italian artists had also nature before them, and they were not dull in learning her lessons; with regard to architecture, nature was of no assistance to them; they did little more than attempt to imitate a style already debased and destitute of sentiment and beauty of expression. What it did express, as far as we can see, was the sensuality and despotism of Roman Cesardom—the morals and dispositions of the Neros and Caligulas. Such, at least, is the interpretation we give involuntarily to the features of the architecture of Rome; and there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that such a style should have found favour in Europe, particularly in Italy and France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Where any remarkable beauty manifests itself in Renaissance architectural works, we are inclined to think it is due in a special manner to the artist himself, and that in spite of the style in which he worked. The heartless character of the pure Roman style was certainly much modified by the Renaissance builders; they imparted to it something of the friendly, kindly physiognomy of the Gothic. Such was the case particularly with the Elizabethan development in our own country, in which, though the details are hideous and uncouth, the aspect of the whole is far from disagreeable. Thus, in nature, a face which has not a single good feature, may be pleasing in its general expression; and it is just with this feeling that we regard the Elizabethan mansion, of which many well-preserved specimens remain. The French Renaissance exhibits a light and delicate fancy, and is, probably, the most pleasing of the varieties of the intermediate period of architecture. The mode of exhibition in the Crystal Palace, by collecting a number of masterpieces into one court—illustrating thereby rather individual specimens and details than the general effect of architectural wholes—is, we are prone to believe, as much in favour of the Renaissance artists, as it is unfavourable to those of the Gothic period. The works of the former appear best isolated; they are wholes in themselves, whereas the Gothic sculptures lose by being removed from the collocation for which they were intended. If Ghiberti's gates were really those of Paradise, as Michael Angelo declared them worthy to be, the candidates for admission would certainly stop at the entrance and wish to go no further than the gates. It matters little where they are placed; they must absorb the attention, and eclipse everything else. It is this quality of independence which we think essentially distinguishes Renaissance works from Gothic, and which causes them to produce an unpleasant impression, when considered as parts of an architectural whole. Query, would Greek taste ever have sanctioned the application of plastic designs so perfect in themselves as those of Ghiberti to the doors of a building? Were not all their sculptures placed in positions of comparative independence, so that they might have been removed without affecting the completeness of the building itself? The Caryatids may be cited as instances to the contrary; but these seem to have been exceptions to the general rule, and probably not numerous. The introduction of unconventional details, modelled closely after nature, and consequently obeying a more general law than that of the building of which they professed to form a part, produced an effect of incongruity and defective organisation. Such, at least, is the explanation which we offer of the peculiar feeling of distaste with which works of the period subsequent to the Gothic invariably affect us, notwithstanding the excellence of individual parts. A building, as a work of art, ought certainly to be a complete and perfect whole, as much as a statue, a picture, or a poem; and anything which militates with this detracts from its effect. The works

of the Renaissance period may, therefore, as we think, be best studied in detail; and it must be confessed that in the whole realm of art there is hardly anything which surpasses the masterpieces of the great Italian artists who commenced the movement at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Visitors to the Crystal Palace can judge for themselves, and we need not here particularise. We leave the reader to the contemplation of Ghiberti's gates and the statues and reliefs of Donatello and Luca della Robbia.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

We hear that Mr. Thomas Woolner, a young sculptor of the highest promise, who went to Australia about two years ago, is now on the sea, returning to England. Whilst in the colony, his talents excited the highest admiration of lovers of art, and their surprise that such an artist was ever allowed to emigrate from this country. His medallion of Governor Wentworth is spoken of as a very remarkable work, and his genius is now, we trust, about to be employed upon the statue which the admirers of Mr. Wentworth's administration have decided on erecting. The medallion of the poet Wordsworth in Grasmere Church is from Mr. Woolner's hand.—The statue of Ebenezer Elliott has been erected at Sheffield. It is not considered a good likeness, although otherwise commended. Mr. Burnard is the sculptor.—A bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Adams, of Chelsea, is about to be erected in the Tomblond, Norwich.—At the first examinations by the Department of Science and Art of candidates for Masterships in Local Schools of Art, the following candidates obtained certificates:—H. J. Anderson, T. Arthur, W. J. Baker, S. Berkinshaw, A. N. Brooke, J. W. Chevalier, A. Cole, J. D. Croome, S. Elton, J. F. Finnie, J. R. Fussell, G. Gill, W. T. Griffith, H. B. Haagreen, J. Healy, T. Holmes, J. Kemp, W. A. Kinnebrook, J. C. Lauchenick, R. G. Lyne, W. Mackley, C. C. Pyne, H. Rafter, J. V. Richardson, G. Ryles, J. F. Smeeth, J. C. Swallow, C. Swinstead, J. C. Thompson, R. Tucker, M. Walker, J. White, M. Wigzell, G. P. Yeats.—On Wednesday the inauguration of Baron Marochetti's bronze equestrian statue of her Majesty took place in Glasgow, in presence of a large proportion of the most influential citizens. The statue is considered a masterpiece. The likeness of her Majesty is well preserved, and blends with singular harmony an expression of affability with majesty. The horse is admirable, capably drawn, full of true expression, motion, and blood, and so arranged that, with his royal burden, a compact, well-arranged composition is the result.—Count Nieuwenkerke's equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon has been erected at Napoléon-Vendée. —Horace Vernet has returned from Varna, and is at present staying at Therapia. He sails for France in a day or two, having given up all intention of following the army *en artiste*.—The *Revue des Beaux-Arts* says that M. Chardigny has by no means abandoned his project of erecting a colossal statue of Shakspere on Primrose-hill. He calculates the expense at 700,000 francs, or, in round numbers, a million.—A permanent exhibition of modern paintings is about to be opened in the *Salles du Croissant*, under the auspices of M. Delamarre.—A design for a monument to Visconti, the architect, has been agreed upon. It is to be a statue erected on a rectangular pedestal, on which will be represented the plan of the Louvre, Visconti's greatest work. The monument is to be placed in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.—On the 12th of August a convention was signed at London, between Belgium and England, for the protection of literary property and works of art, as also to regulate the duties on books, engravings, music, &c. coming into either country.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Handel's Oratorio, Jephtha. Edited by V. NOVELLO. London: Novello.

Handel's Oratorio, Deborah. Edited by V. NOVELLO. London: Novello.

Mozart's Requiem. Edited by V. NOVELLO. London: Novello.

Novello's Analysis of Vocal Rudiments. London: Novello.

A Treatise on Choir and Chorus Singing. By J. F. FÉTIS. Translated by the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE. London: Novello.

Cherubini's Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue. London: Novello.

HOULDING a very high place among the cheap republications of Handel's compositions stands the series of Mr. Novello, who has greatly benefited the art and its lovers by issuing standard music at a price which brings it within the means of all, in a form the most convenient, and with an accompaniment which seems to have been solely adapted for its general utility to the musician and the amateur. The latter desideratum Mr. Novello has accomplished in the oratorios *Jephtha* and *Deborah*, now before us; and we can heartily recommend them, both to the professional man and the lover of sweet sounds.

Mozart's Requiem has been reprinted by Mr. Novello (edited by Mr. V. Novello); and it is a matter of

congratulation that even the most humble admirer of its beauties can possess himself of a copy of this matchless work at a price almost nominal. Nevertheless, no cost or trouble has been spared upon this edition; and we find there is an English translation added—a task of no ordinary difficulty, and in which Mr. Lorraine, the translator, has adhered closely to the original, and produced, not only a good translation, but what is of as much use in this instance, a singular version.

A little book, in a catechetical form, entitled *Novello's Analysis of Vocal Rudiments*, is very carefully compiled, and the arrangement of the subject is admirable. To our thinking, the system of teaching by question and answer is not that which we should like to see adopted generally. It has a tendency to repress the inquiring mind, which is particularly strong in children, and to make the *parrotting* of so much matter the end and aim of the teacher. Except this defect, which is of some importance, we think the *Analysis* a useful and cheap little manual for beginners.

Féti's *Treatise on Choir and Chorus Singing* is a new work, taking up a hitherto neglected position. Its importance to music, both sacred and secular, cannot be overrated. In this book we are gently led from the defects and slovenly execution of vocal performers, in masses either great or small, to the perfection of part-singing. Féti has treated of choir and chorus singing as an art of itself, requiring study, nicety of execution, and unwearied perseverance. To teach these subjects is the purpose of M. Féti's work, and most clearly does he show the end to be much more easily attainable than at first sight it appears to be. This valuable treatise has found an enthusiastic translator in the Rev. Thomas Helmore, of Gregorian notoriety.

Mr. Novello has announced a "Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge," for the first number of which he issues an entirely new translation of *Cherubini's Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue*. In this convenient edition the musical examples occur in their proper places in the letterpress, and there are appended some notes by Féti, who has also furnished a biography of the author. Mrs. Cowden Clarke, a lady well known in literature, has devoted herself to the translating and collating of the French and German editions, and with much success. Mr. Pittman, the organist to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn, has revised the errors of former editions and the examples with great care and appropriateness. This treatise of Cherubini's is to be followed by similar works.

Mr. Novello has published, in eighteen-penny books, appropriate collections of *Sacred Music for the Use of Schools*; and *Secular Music for the Use of Schools*. They are edited by Mr. Tillear.

The Mother's Dream: Ballad. Written by J. H. JEWELL. Composed by G. A. MACFARREN. London: Jewell and Letchford.—This ballad is founded on an interesting incident in the American story of the "Lamplighter," and the author of the words has acquitted himself very satisfactorily. The music, by Macfarren, is, as usual, carefully and correctly written; but the style is perhaps too severe for what should be a simple ballad.

The Beacon Star: Ballad. Written by J. H. JEWELL. Composed by R. MANSELL. London: Jewell and Letchford.—This ballad is more to our taste. It is simple in construction, possessing a pretty flowing melody gracefully accompanying some pleasing words, founded on one of the most interesting incidents in Dickens's "Hard Times."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ON Friday (this evening) the performances at Sadler's Wells Theatre will be for the benefit of Mrs. Warner, whom a painful and incurable malady has long prevented from exercising her profession. Miss Charlotte Cushman is announced to appear on the occasion.

—On account of the indisposition of Mr. Charles Kean, the reopening of the Princess's Theatre is postponed until the 25th of the month, when a new drama is to be presented, with Mr. Rydier in the principal character. After superintending its production, Mr. Kean will abstain from his artistic duties for a month.—A meeting of the Adelphi company is appointed for Monday next, and the season will commence on that day week.—At Sadler's Wells, Shakspere's play of *Pericles* is in rehearsal, having, we suppose, undergone various alterations from the original text.—The Manchester papers are speaking of the possible establishment of a short annual opera-season in their rich town.—At the Carignano a drama has been produced called *L'Assedio di Silistria*, in which Turks and Russians perform prodigies of valour. One of the principal episodes is a love-passage between the daughter of Musse Pacha and a son of the Russian general, the marriage of the lovers concluding the piece.—The season of the Italian opera in Paris, which is announced to commence on the 3rd of next month, will be inaugurated by Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which Mmes. Bosio and Borghi Mano are, it is expected, to sustain the principal characters.—A very curious feat is nightly performed at the Cirque de l'Impératrice by an acrobat of the name of Price. He brings a ladder into the arena, and, keep-

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ing it in equilibrium by the mere weight of his body, climbs to the top. Arrived there he performs on the violin some variations on the "Carnaval de Venise," and, always seated on the top of his ladder, keeps it moving all round the circus, and finally descends from his perilous position in a manner quite as extraordinary as the remainder of his performance. This startling feat is not unappropriately designated as "L'Échelle animée."—At Turin a new opera, by M. Cagnoni, entitled *Amori e Trappolo*, has been well received at the Teatro Gerbino. Mme. Lipparini, the prima donna, is well spoken of, and the other performers, Messrs. Errani, Bonafous, and Frizzi, are also eulogised.—Of new singers there is little to be heard or seen save praise and a portrait of Madame Betty Gundy in the *Leipziger Illustrated Journal*. Those who accept the praise may expect a prima donna of the first class and highest soprano voice.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan's third Gallery of Portraits, which is in the press (says the *Commonwealth*), will contain (1) a File of French Revolutionists; (2) a Constellation of Sacred Authors; (3) a Cluster of New Poets, including Dobell, Smith, Bigg, and Massey; (4) Modern Critics, in which section of the book there is to be a fierce attack on Professor Spalding; and (5) Miscellaneous Sketches, including an immense variety, from an essay on Shakspeare to a defence of Disraeli.—A letter has just been circulated by the veteran literary octogenarian and antiquary, John Britton, invoking the sympathy and generosity of his friends in aid of the publication of his "Autobiography."—The author of the biography of Benjamin Disraeli, which created a sensation last year, and which was subjected to a fierce criticism in *Blackwood*, is about to publish another volume, entitled "Thirty Years of Foreign Policy; or, a History of the Secretarieships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston."—Mr. W. Cramp is preparing for press a brief memoir of Solomon Dayrolle, Esq., the godson and intimate friend of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield; also some account of Mrs. Christabella Dayrolle, the amanuensis of Junius. A memoir of the presumed confederates of Junius must be considered a *desideratum* by all who feel an interest in the discovery of the great political satirist, since Junius, whoever he was, must have had one or more confidential persons to assist him.—The liberal enterprising publisher, Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York, has announced his intention to publish during the coming season a work entitled "An Encyclopedia of American Literature, embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, with passages from their writings, from the earliest period to the present day, with portraits, autographs, and other illustrations."

The London correspondent of the American *National Democrat* indulges its readers with some scandal about Mr. Charles Dickens, who is charged with going to the Continent to escape his creditors, and of selling one of his children to Miss Burdett Coutts.—One of the "thunderers" of the *Times* has embarked for the East in the same vessel which carries the "member for Nineveh," Mr. Austin Layard, M.P.—Mr. Alderman Walker, editor and proprietor of the *Gloster Journal*, has been unanimously elected to the mayoralty of that city, the office having become vacant a few days since by the death of Mr. William Washbourne.—From the *Commonwealth* we learn that Mr. Maurice is to be one of the lecturers to the Glasgow Atheneum during the ensuing season. His subject is to be "The Historical Aspect of Christianity." A series of lectures has also been arranged by the "Young Men's Christian Association" in the same city, the list of lecturers including Professor Nichol, Rev. Thomas Binney, and Canon Stowell.—A foreign correspondent of the *New York Courier* gives an account of a visit which he made to De Quincey, the essayist, from which we extract the following:—"At length a clump of neat little cottages was reached, embowered in the midst of noble trees. At the doorway of one of these cottages we were received by De Quincey. A little man, with a bowed figure, with a very large head, and very plainly dressed, extended his thin half transparent hand, a grave smile breaking up the melancholy of his pale saffron-coloured face, with a slight twinkle of his sad clear eye, welcomed us with a voice plaintive, soft, deep, musical, and low. There was no majesty in his mien, but about him there was an indefinable something that revealed genius and inspired respect. His presence was not that of power, nor that of a magician, but that of an indescribable mixture of the two. His frail body seemed like the delicate-textured, hard-worn garment of a fiery soul that had not been sparing of its mortal vesture. An ample plain fore-head, that seemed clothed with perpetual youth, was half concealed and half-revealed by thin locks, whose colour indicated the presence of premature old age."—The London journals persistently (and, we suppose, wisely) abstain from informing the public respecting the movements of editors and authors. Gossiping statements, however, occasionally find their way into country papers. Thus a Manchester broad sheet of last week has the following talk

about journalists and journals:—"Among the literary notables attracted to Boulogne are Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. W. H. Wills, the editor of *Household Words*; so we may expect a sparkling account of the pageant in the pages of that periodical. As a set-off to which anticipated treat, I may mention that Mr. James Grant, the editor of the *Times*, is once more in foreign parts, and that a pendant to his last year's lubrications is to be feared. It is seriously contemplated by the more business-like of the (anti-Sunday closing) malcontents to purchase the *Morning Chronicle*, which is said to be once more in the market,—Mr. Peto having preferred the forfeit of his deposit to the purchase of the property for 4000*l.* I may append to this journalist-gossip two important on *dis*—one, that a great illustrated journal is in the market for 100,000*l.*; and the other, that a not very successful rival to the invincible *French Punch* has been purchased for 5000*l.* Report connects the leading members of the Peace Society with the latter transaction; and, if that be well grounded, it accounts for a quotation of the periodical in question by Mr. Bright, on a late occasion, in the House of Commons. . . . Of literary gossip, little or nothing appears to be floating about, except that Lady Lytton Bulwer is a regular contributor to the *London Journal*, and is said to write the epigrammatic "Answers to Correspondents." That periodical has now attained the extraordinary circulation of 550,000 copies per number—a fact unprecedented in the trade. It now takes more than a month to print a number. The profit upon the periodical to its proprietor, Mr. Stiff, is about eight shillings per thousand; an income of about 12,000*l.* derived from a literary production by a man eminent non-literary."—A Parisian correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge* announces that Madame George Sand is about to change her name, and to assume that of Jean Raisin, her intention being to establish a weekly agricultural, literary, and artistic journal under the above fanciful pseudonym.—The Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin held an extraordinary public sitting on the 24th ult. to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the day, when Baron Alexander de Humboldt was elected member of it. A colossal bust in marble of that illustrious man was placed in the hall where the sittings are held, in honour of the occasion.—M. Thiers, who is suffering from a complaint of the throat, is at present residing at the Baths of Cauterets. He devotes himself to literature. There is great hope that in his present leisure he will soon finish his intended work on Italy and the Art of the Sixteenth Century. It will be curious to compare it, says the *Revue des Beaux-Arts*, with M. Lamartine's work on the Medici.

Lord John Russell has consented to preside at the opening of the Bristol Atheneum, which is fixed for the 25th of October.—Professor Airy has published a letter in testimony of his sense of the valuable assistance derived by him in his astronomical researches from the Electric Telegraph Company.—The *Family Herald* gives the following cure for stammering:—Read aloud with the teeth closed. This should be practised for two hours a day, for three or four months. The recommender of this simple remedy says—"I can speak with certainty of its utility."—A writer in last Saturday's *Athenaeum* has strange ideas about modern poets (remarks the *Edinburgh Guardian*). In reviewing an article which appeared in the last *Quarterly* on the drama, the writer finds fault with the remark, that "in the present day, with the exceptions of the author of *Philip van Artevelde* and Mr. Browning, no poet of any distinction has tried even his 'prentice hand in dramatic composition." The learned critic of the *Athenaeum* follows this with the comment—"thus strangely ignoring Sir Thomas Talfourd, Sir Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Marston, Mr. White, and others." Mr. White a poet of distinction! What next? The article in which this discovery is made is altogether such a combination of petty spite and self-sufficient stupidity as we shall meet with nowhere but in the authoritative columns of the *Athenaeum*.—The first stone of a free public library was laid in Norwich on the 13th inst. The plans which have been prepared by Mr. Benest, the city surveyor, provide on the ground floor a reading-room, 44 feet by 33 feet; a museum, 54 feet by 26 feet; a library, 33 feet by 26 feet 6 in., and several other smaller apartments. The institution will be supported by subscriptions, and an annual grant from the Town Council under Mr. Ewart's recent Act. The cost of its erection will be 300*l.*—A humble stone monument has been recently erected by direction of the parochial authorities of the parish of Islington, at Highgate-hill, which is in that parish, where the celebrated Whityngton (thrice Lord Mayor of London) stopped, as the legend states, when he heard the sound of Bow bells, which he imagined prophesied his obtaining the dignity of Lord Mayor of London. For many years a large stone occupied the site, which had an inscription on one side of it, and which gave a brief record of his life, but which time had nearly obliterated. This was removed, and there were fears that there would be no monument to perpetuate the memory of the event. A plain stone about two feet high is now erected there, which has chiselled on it the following brief history of his life:—"Whityngton Stone. Sir R. Whityngton thrice Lord Mayor of

London, 1397, Richard II. 1406, Henry IV. 1420, Henry V. Sheriff, 1395."—Mr. Finney, a dentist, late of Alexandria, found a studded tooth in a mummy, and several teeth in other mummies which bore marks of filing.—The Massachusetts Legislature, at its last session, appropriated funds to the New England Female Medical College, located in Boston, to pay for the tuition of forty students annually for five years.

—The *Mouiteur* says:—"It appears from a despatch of the Governor-General of Algeria, that a native who quitted Timbuctoo in the early part of June has declared that he met two Europeans there who were clothed in Arab costume. One was of a stature above the middle height. He had a light beard, and he commonly used a *longnon* of blue glass. The other, who was a little less tall, had a brown beard, rather dark. It is probable that these two Europeans were Dr. Barth and M. Vogel. If this is so, this is the most recent news that has been received concerning those travellers. According to the testimony of the Arab, they were both under the protection of the Sheik En-Nebigh des Tonareg, chief of the tribe of the Haalen, a powerful and formidable man, possessed of several houses at Timbuctoo, one of which he had placed at the service of the travellers. It is known besides that there were Christians in the city, and their presence was the subject of conversations, the rather unfriendly spirit of which could not be manifested against the expressed will of the powerful chief who protected them."—It is stated in the *Daily News*, that Captain Newenham, an Admiralty agent on the Southampton station, who has just returned from Alexandria, visited while there the ruins of the Alexandrian Library. A large mound in Alexandria has been believed for ages to mark the spot where once stood the famous library which was burnt by the Caliph Omar. This mound is now in process of removal. Splendid houses are to be built on its site. While Captain Newenham was there, an immense stone of blue granite was dug out, which weighed several tons, and is covered with apparently Coptic letters. The Captain was unable to take a tracing of these letters. Beneath the mound, the remains of a building, something like a star fort, have been discovered, and masses of double columns—also signs of wells of water, and of places for heating. The brick-work is of immense strength and thickness; the bricks being not so thick as English ones, but longer and broader. An immense number of Arab girls and boys were engaged in carrying away the rubbish in baskets. Captain Newenham picked up many curiosities there, such as pieces of conglomerated brick, mortar, and metal work, bearing evident marks of having been fused together by intense heat. The Captain learnt in Egypt that the French *savant* who discovered the buried city of Soecarab, beyond Grand Cairo, was packing up an immense number of treasures for transportation to France.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—Spanish Dancers.

DRURY-LANE.—*Maritana*.

STRAND.—*Never taste Wine at the Docks*.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*Cymbeline*.

Some few of the theatres still continue open in spite of the hot weather and cholera panic. The ballet, which experienced its decline and fall on the west side of the Haymarket, appears to have made the first step in its revival on the east; for the Spanish Dancers, even in this dull month, are still drawing delighted audiences. The last week introduced them in two new ballets, entitled the *Flower of Marcarena* and *Los Manos de Madrid*, in which a slight thread of story is employed to exhibit a series of highly characteristic and picturesque dances, excelling, if possible, in extraordinary *tours de force* and *brusquerie*, all their previous efforts. Rumour states that the season at this theatre will close very shortly, as the *corps de ballet* have entered into an engagement at Berlin.

The doleful finale of the last opera speculation at Drury-Lane has not intimidated another management from experimenting upon the public taste,—company, among whom we see the names of Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Galer, and Mr. Corrie, have reopened it for a short—we fear very short—season of English Opera. The opening piece was Wallace's *Maritana*; the libretto being a version of the once respecting *Dom Cesar de Buzan*. As a whole this pretty, though not very brilliant opera, was creditably given. All the charming melodies with which it is studded were most efficiently rendered.

At the STRAND Theatre a new one act farce by Mr. Souter, the author of "The Fast Coach," has been produced, under the taking title of *Never taste Wine at the Docks*—a lively illustration of the extraordinary adventures and mishaps consequent upon the receipt of a "tasting order." There is much smart dialogue, and many broadly-jocular situations. The acting, too, is capital, and will do much to popularise this pretty little house.

Mr. Phelps has opened his Shaksperian series at SADLER'S WELLS with *Cymbeline*, one of the poet's charming romances, more adapted in our estimation for the closet than the boards. Mr. Phelps made the most of the arduous part of *Postleenus*; and Miss Cooper's

Imogen was, as usual, received with much favour. Her version of the part is decidedly above the average; but when can we hope to find an adequate embodiment of this most delicate and poetical of all Shakspeare's feminine creations? Amongst the most attractive parts must be ranked Mr. Marston's *Iachimo*—a rôle for which he is peculiarly adapted. The present revival of *Cymbeline* forms an agreeable inauguration of the season, which, with the amount of talent at the manager's disposal, will, we have no doubt, be a prosperous one.

Mlle. Rachel has made her *rendezvous* at the Françoise as *Camille* in *Horace*; but Madame Plessy's reappearance, much to the regret of the *habitués*, has been postponed for some time.

The theatrical world has just experienced a sad loss in the death of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the popular and talented *artiste* of the Haymarket. She was seized with the prevailing epidemic at rehearsal on the 11th, and died the same evening.

VINCENTE.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—A number of interesting relics have been added to the collection of memorials of Napoleon I. They were, it is stated, found in the carriage when taken by Baron von Keller, the Prussian officer who commanded the advance cavalry in pursuit of the retreating French. This officer kept the relics for his private use; and at his death they were purchased by the proprietors of the Exhibition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARYLEBONE FREE LIBRARY.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—As one who has devoted some attention to the "development" (as Mrs. Stowe would call it) of free public libraries, I am fearful your notice of the Gloucester-place library will lead people to suppose that it is so managed as to meet the requirements of that large class of persons for whom such institutions are more especially designed, viz. the lowly and industrious. I contend that any so-called "free library," which makes no provision whatever to convey the best works of our best authors to the homes and firesides of the artisan is a sort of literary abortion. Surely a "library" worthy of so great and wealthy a borough as Marylebone should contain books for circulation out of doors, as well as for reference within. You allude to "books which have been given out to readers at this institution." Now from this it might be inferred that it was a lending library; and my object in addressing you is to correct any such misapprehension. Suppose some thousands of persons have visited the free reading-room at Gloucester-place, unless the committee can show that books are lent out, as well as lent to read within, they fail in satisfying a great public want. The British Museum library is open to those who can afford the time; and therefore, unless steps are taken to open the Marylebone Institute as a "free lending library," little deserving praise will have been accomplished. I will only add, as some index to the directorship, that the chairman of this library is Sir Benjamin Hall; and that when I wrote to him in April, asking him to vote for Mr. Ewart's Libraries Act Amendment Bill (1850), an Act which would have enabled the vestry of Marylebone to have levied a rate for the support of a really efficient library, and a petition for which was signed by nearly 2000 of his constituents, Sir B. Hall, the chairman of the "Marylebone Free Library," not only pleaded as an excuse "want of time to attend to such questions," but, will it be credited, did not even condescend to record his vote on the division; and thus this humanising Bill was thrown out by a majority of 3—the numbers being 85 for, and 88 against, the second reading!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MATTHEW HENRY FEILDE.

OBITUARY.

ANCELOT, M., member of the French Academy, at his residence in the Rue de Lille, Paris. He was the author of "Louis XI," "Le Gamin de Paris" and several other theatrical pieces. He was formerly secretary to Marshal Marmont, Duke de Raguse.

BENTLEY, C., whose charming marine pictures will be greatly missed. Mr. Bentley was seized with cholera on Monday week, and died in a few hours, aged 48.

BERNAL, Ralph, Esq., for many years M.P. for Rochester. Mr. Bernal was of Christ's College, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1806, and in early life occasionally used his pen as an author. The fashionable Annuals some years ago contained several articles written by him. During the Grey and Melbourne ministries, whose policies he supported, he was Chairman of Committees. He was a man of refined taste, esteemed an authority on questions of art, and possessed a collection of mediæval antiquities, in many respects, if not altogether, unparalleled. Some choice specimens exhibited in the Medieval Exhibition of 1850 will be remembered. He was president of the Archaeological Association.

BLACK, Charles, an active member of the important firm of Messrs. A. and C. Black, in Edinburgh. He was familiarly and favourably known to almost every person connected with literary affairs in the city, and even throughout the country generally. Though not ostensibly an author, he frequently employed his pen on subjects connected with the fine arts—of which he was a warm admirer and patron

—and more especially on matters connected with the decoration or improvement of Edinburgh. His active and intelligent mind was always interested in the progress of public affairs, which he tested by reference to sound liberal principles. For several years Mr. Black's health—at no time very robust—had been declining.

BROCKEDON, William, after a long and painful illness, aged 66. He is principally known by his works on Italy and the passes of the Alps. They were amongst the earliest of our illustrated books of travels, and were illustrated by his own pencil. Mr. Brockedon published also "Excursions in the Alps," and a "Road-Book from London to Naples."

LANDMAN, Lieut.-Col. George Thomas, at Shacklewell, aged 73, Aug. 27. Col. Landman was the author of a handsome work, entitled "Observations on Fortification," a volume on Fortification; another on Mines and Mining; a Gazetteer; and also of a book, published in 1852, entitled his "Adventures and Recollections," but which carried his personal history no lower than the year 1805.

SCHELLING, Herr, the philosopher, at Ragatz, in Switzerland at an advanced age.

STOCKS, Dr. J. Ellerton, of the Bombay medical staff, and a highly accomplished botanist. Dr. Stocks is known to the scientific world by his travels and explorations in Beluchistan and Scinde, in which latter country he spent the greater part of his service: at first as vaccinator, and later as inspector of drugs.

WEBB, Phillip Barker, of Millford-House, Surrey, but resident for many years past at Paris, in the Avenue Marbeuf, Champs Elysées. He died of cholera, on the 31st ult., aged 62 years. Mr. Webb has long been known in the scientific world by his work on the natural history of the Canary Islands, published, with the assistance of his fellow-traveller and colleague, M. Sabin Berthelot, under the auspices of the French Government, at the time that the office of Minister of Public Instruction was filled by M. Guizot.

WILLIAMS, Edward (Jolo Fardd Glas), the well-known Welsh bard and writer, has lately breathed his last, at the patriarchal age of 80 years, at the workhouse of Pen-y-bont, Glamorganshire. He had been graduated as a bard in conformity to the custom and privilege of the bards of the Isle of Britain; and he was one of the most laborious writers, considering his station in life, of any age or country. By trade he was a cooper, and, as long as he could, adhered to it as a means of gaining his livelihood; and, when old age and infirmity prevented him doing so any longer, his celebrity as a Welsh writer could not help him to a crust of bread. He commenced a geographical dictionary, and proceeded with it as far as the letter L; but it was discontinued, probably for want of support. He afterwards brought out an explanatory dictionary, in Welsh, of considerable size, which was printed at Brecon. About twelve years ago he published a volume of poems. He gained many prizes at Eisteddfodau for compositions in prose and verse, and wrote a Welsh stanza when an inmate of a workhouse, for which another obtained the prize and honour at an Eisteddfod. He thus ended a laborious life, deserving of a better fate than the prison-house of poverty; a fair warning to future aspirants to expect nothing from bardic congress, except the prizes gained at the noisy gathering of a Welsh Eisteddfod. But this is not all. It was two miles from the degrading scene of his deathbed to the place where the old bard was to take his final rest, and there he was taken in a cart, much like a malefactor taken to the gallows; and in Caerdydd churchyard, among the paupers of Pen-y-bont workhouse, lies the once celebrated Jolo Fardd Glas! Mr. Macaulay says that "to die in a hospital and be buried in a parish vault" was the fate of more than one writer in the time of Dr. Johnson, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies. The condition of men of genius was degrading enough in England at that time, but it has not yet improved in Wales.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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